

NOVEMBER...Nº 15

CAT-MAN

"AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING, FAST-ACTION, ADVENTURE STORIES!"

Comics

10¢



The
**'RAJAH
of
DESTRUCTION'**
Starring the
CAT-MAN
and the
KITTEN

CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

Dont
Miss
the
Sensational
**PERSONAL
ADVENTURE** Section!
... also "BLACKOUT", "LITTLE LEADERS" and OTHERS!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



CAT-MAN

and
The KITTEN

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



THIS IS
A STRANGE
WEIRD TALE
THAT OPENS IN THE
OFFICE OF AN AGED
DOCTOR. ALTHOUGH
HIS MANY YEARS OF
PRACTICE HAVE
BEEN DEDICATED
TO AIDING SUFFER-
ING HUMANITY,
HE NOW SITS ALONE
AND FORGOTTEN.
A VICTIM OF THE
WHIMS OF
DESTINY!

..SADLY HIS WEARY BRAIN PONDERS
OVER THE UTTER FUTILITY OF A LONG AND
UNAPPRECIATED LIFE OF SACRIFICE!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I GAVE
THEM THE FRUITS OF ALL MY SKILL
AND RESEARCH--AND NOW THAT I
AM OLD AND POOR, THEY SHUN
ME--DR. GAUNT--THAT'S
WHAT THEY CALL ME
NOW--THEY'VE EVEN FORGOTTEN
MY REAL NAME!

LIKE A FLASH,
SOMETHING
SNAPS IN THE
AGED DOCTOR'S
BRAIN!

BUT, I'LL SHOW
THEM!... IF I
COULD NOT BE
GREAT BY HELPING
THEM--THEN I
SHALL WIN FAME
BY HURTING
THEM! HA-HA-
HA-HA-HA!

THUS OUT OF THE MAELSTROM OF A TORTURED SOUL
AND THE PERIFIDY OF MEN--A MONSTER IS BORN!

THEY SHALL REGRET THEIR INGRATITUDE! "DR. GAUNT" EH! SOON THAT NAME WILL BE ON EVERY TONGUE! THEY WILL SHUDDER AT THE VERY MENTION OF IT--I'LL SHOW THEM-- HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

AMID A SURGE OF MANIACAL LAUGHTER THE DEMENTED MAN SUDDENLY TURNS AND SHUFFLES INTO HIS DUSTY LABORATORY?

STEADILY, THE OLD CLOCK IN THE CORNER TICKS OFF THE PASSING HOURS



OUT OF THE LABORATORY EMERGES AN AMAZING APPARITION! ---

--THAT HURRIES OUT THE DOOR-----AND

DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING ---

"EXTRA--
EXTRA--PAPER
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!"



AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AFTER THE BODY HAS BEEN RE-MOVED FOR AN AUTOPSY, THE LOCAL POLICE STUDY OVER A STRANGELY WORDED NOTE FOUND BE-SIDE THE UNFORTUNATE BANKER'S REMAINS!!



MEANWHILE, 200 MILES AWAY AT TIMES SQUARE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK--!

GEE, UNCLE DAVID, THIS IS CERTAINLY A MARVELOUS CITY, BUT THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING FOR THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN TO DO BUT GO SIGHT-SEEING!

FUNNY, BUT I HAVE BEEN FEELING THE SAME WAY, MYSELF FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

GOSH, I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR OUR CHANCES OF HAVING ANY EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE!

GOLLY UNCLE DAVID THAT'S AN IDEA--LET'S SPEND THAT TWO CENTS FOR AN OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPER--THERE MAY BE AN UNUSUAL MYSTERY GOING ON SOMEWHERE ELSE THAT WE CAN TIE INTO!



KATIE, I REALLY THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE--BUT WHERE IS THAT STAND WHERE THEY SELL THEM... WAIT, LET'S ASK THAT MAN OVER THERE--HE'D PROBABLY KNOW WHERE IT IS!

PARDON ME, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I COULD GET AN OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPER?

WHY, CERTAINLY, LIEUT. MERRY-WETHER--THE STAND IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER THERE--I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR--GOOD LUCK, CAT-MAN!

SAY, HE CALLED ME BY MY RIGHT NAME, HE MUST KNOW ME!



I'LL SAY HE DOES--DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM, HE IS---

WAIT, I KNOW--SURE, IT WAS CHAS. M. QUINLAN HIMSELF, THE MAN WHO WRITES THIS STRIP AND DRAWS THE PICTURES--WELL I'LL BE--C'MON LET'S GET THAT PAPER!

PAPERS! GET YOUR HOMETOWN PAPER--YES SIR, WHAT PAPER, LIEUTENANT?

OH, NONE IN PARTICULAR. JUST GIVE ME THE FIRST ONE YOU PUT YOUR HAND ON--!



HM! THE CENTRE TOWN EXPRESS, WOW, KATIE, GET A LOAD OF THESE HEADLINES. "BANKER MURDERED AND ROBBED-MYSTERIOUS CRYPTIC NOTE ONLY CLUE TO CULPRIT-POLICE BAFFLED?" LET'S GO, KITTEN, WE'RE OFF TO CENTRE TOWN!

MEANWHILE, IN CENTRE TOWN, THE DEMENTED "DR. GAUNT" RECEIVES SOME UNEXPECTED CALLERS--!

THEY CAN'T BE THE POLICE-- THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE POLICEMEN-- PATIENTS--THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE-- THE FIRST IN FIVE YEARS--I MUST LET THEM IN--!



HELLO--YOU DR. GRANT-- WE WANT A SEE DR. GRANT-- OUR PAL HERE AIN'T FEELING SO FRISKY--

YES, I'M DR. GRANT, COME IN, GENTLEMEN, COME IN--I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND!



AS DR. GRANT PREPARES TO EXAMINE HIS NEW PATIENT, THE MEN WHISPER RAPIDLY AMONG THEMSELVES?



WELL, NOW WHAT SEEKS TO BE THE MATTER WITH YOU?

GIT YOUR PAWS UP DOC--DERE AIN'T NUTTIN' DE MATTER WIT HIM--YOU'RE DE ONE DAT NEEDS A TREATMENT!



A GUN! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

WELL, DOC, ME AND ME PALS FEELS DAT YOU OWE US SOME OF DAT DOUGH YA' HOOKED WHEN YA CROAKED DAT BANKER, AND WE CAME TO COLLECT!



DISPLAYING A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH UN-BELIEVABLE IN A MAN SO OLD, THE WILY DOCTOR HURLS HIS CAPTORS FROM HIM --!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DOC, OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

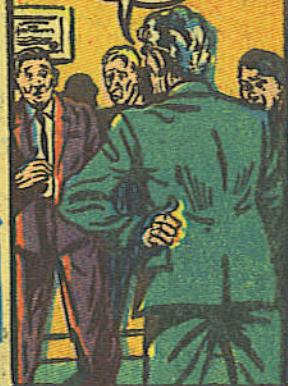


THE OLD DOCTOR'S EYES GLARE HYPNOTICALLY AT THE COWERING THUG!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID--
DROP THAT GUN!



AH, THAT'S BETTER--
NOW I SEE WE BEGIN TO UNDER-
STAND EACH OTHER
--SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU!



YOU KNOW GENTLEMEN, YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS SORT OF GIVEN ME AN IDEA--YES, A MARVEL-LOUS IDEA, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS I WHO DONE AWAY WITH BANKER RICHER!



MEANWHILE THE CHIEF OF POLICE AT CENTRE TOWN HAS AN UNUSUAL VISITOR--

AND IN MY CAPACITY AS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, I'M SURE I CAN CRACK THIS CASE FOR YOU IN VERY SHORT ORDER!

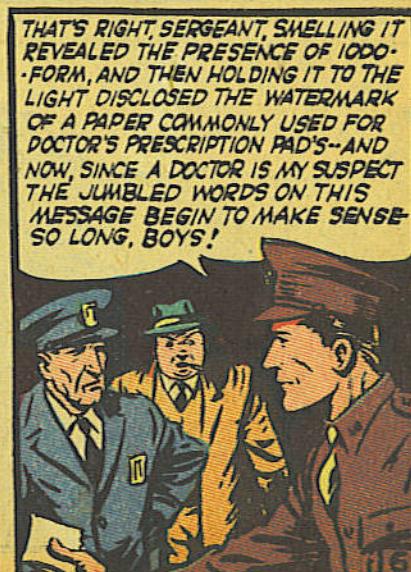
OKAY, LIEUT. MERRY. WHETHER, BUT I WARN YOU, IT'S A TOUGH ONE--THIS NOTE IS THE ONLY CLUE--THE DOUGH IS GONE, AND NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE ON THE VICTIM!



AND TO MAKE IT TOUGHER, HE HAD NO ENEMIES--THE SAFE HAD BEEN OPENED BY HIMSELF, AND THE NOTE HAD NO FINGERPRINTS!

OF COURSE, IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT YOU MAY HAVE OVER-LOOKED A FEW CLUES--HMM--

LISTEN, LIEUTENANT, I WENT OVER THAT JOINT PERSONALLY AND IF I MISSED ANYTHING, IT WAS JUST BECAUSE IT WASN'T THERE, SEE?



MEANWHILE,
AT THE
HOME OF
THE INSANE
"DR. GAUNT,"
THE
VILLIANOUS
TRIO HAS TOLD
HIM HOW THEY
DISCOVERED
THAT HE
WAS THE
MURDERER OF
BANKER
RICKER!

SO YOU WENT THERE TO ROB HIM
YOURSELVES, EH? --AND WHILE
WATCHING FROM A WINDOW YOU
SEEN THE WHOLE THING, THEN
WHEN I LEFT YOU FOLLOWED
ME HERE AND DECIDED TO RE-
-TURN THE FOLLOWING DAY AND
TAKE THE LOOT AWAY FROM
ME--HM, VERY CLEVER!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC--BUT NOW WHAT
WE WANTS' KNOW IS HOW DID YOU
KILL HIM?

YOU WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW THAT, WOULDN'T
YOU? I TOLD YOU
YOUR PRESENCE
HERE GAVE ME AN
IDEA, AND HERE
IT IS!

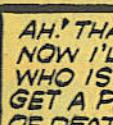


YOU ARE GOING TO
BE MEMBERS OF
MY ORGANIZATION,
THE GREATEST CRIM-
INAL COMBINE
EVER FORMED!

NUTHIN' DOIN'--WE
WORK ALONE? GIVE
US OUR DOUGH OR
WE'LL TAKE IT!

NO YOU WON'T--
AND YOU WILL JOIN
MY ENTERPRISE
OR ELSE I'LL HAVE
TO KILL YOU ALL IN
MY OWN UNUSUAL
WAY, NOW!

NO, NO BOSS,
OKAY, WE'LL
JOIN--



IT IS LIEUTENANT
MERRYWEATHER, THE
CAT-MAN, MAKING
A CHECK-UP ON ALL
THE DOCTORS WITH-
IN THE VICINITY
OF CENTRE
TOWN!



KEEP OUT OF
SIGHT, KATIE
AND BE READY
FOR ANYTHING,
EVEN THIS
ONE MAY
BE HIM!

IT'S AN ARMY OFFICER,
HIDE IN THE LABORA-
TORY-- I'LL SEE WHAT
HE WANTS!

I'M LIEUTENANT MERRYWEATHER,
I AM MAKING A SURVEY OF
THE DOCTORS HERE IN CENTRE
TOWN, MAY I COME IN?

GO AHEAD, I'M READY,
WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO KNOW?

WELL, I'M KIND
OF BUSY, BUT
ALLRIGHT, I GUESS
I CAN SPARE A
FEW MINUTES--

SHUCKS! -- I MUST
HAVE LEFT MY NOTE
BOOK AT DR. BURNS'
OFFICE-- HAVE YOU A
PAD OR SOMETHING
I COULD USE?

HERE'S MY PRESCRIPTION
BLANK-- WOULD THAT BE
SATISFACTORY?

THANK YOU,
YES, THAT WILL
BE PERFECT!

HMM!

TAKING THE PAD, THE
CAT-MAN REMOVES THE
CRYPTIC NOTE FROM
HIS POCKET AND
FITS THE TORN EDGES
TO THOSE ON THE PAD!

VERY CARELESS OF YOU
DOCTOR, THE TORN EDGES
ON THIS PAD AND THIS
NOTE FOUND NEAR THE
BODY OF BANKER RICH-
ER ARE THE EVIDENCE
THAT WILL SENT YOU
TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

HELP! GET
HIM, MEN!

WHAT THE--
OWWWWW--!

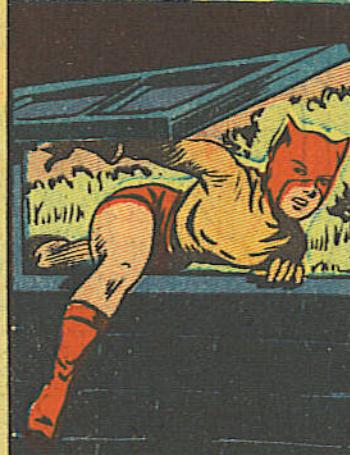
BOP!

GOOD! VERY GOOD-- THOSE STRONG
ARM METHODS MAY PROVE VALU-
ABLE AFTER ALL!

BUT OUTSIDE, THE KITTEN HAS BEEN WATCHING AND HAS SEEN THE CAT-MAN FALL UNDER THE FOUL BLOW--?



QUICKLY CHANGING INTO THE GARB OF THE KITTEN, SHE FINDS AN OPEN CELLAR WINDOW AND SLIPS INSIDE!



COME ON, PICK HIM UP AND FOLLOW ME-I HAVE A ROOM IN THE CELLAR THAT WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!



ALLRIGHT, PUT HIM IN HERE!

GEE, BOSS, DIS IS KINDA FANCY! IT AIN'T NO COAL BIN, IS IT?



INDEED IT IS NOT! IT'S A GAS CHAMBER!



AND NOW WE WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH HIM ANYMORE!

BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE BODY?



IN THIS CASE THERE WILL BE NO BODY-- THIS IS A SPECIAL GAS OF MY OWN INVENTION THAT DISINTEGRATES IT INTO DUST! HEH, HEH, HEH?



AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE HEART-LESS CRIMINALS, THE KITTEN DASHES FROM HER PLACE OF CONCEALMENT, TURNS OFF THE GAS, AND DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS CAT-MAN TO SAFETY--!

GEE, HE'S STILL OUT 'COLD-- I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME NOW!



AS THE KITTEN DASHES UP THE CELLAR STAIRS, THE CATMAN REGAINS CONCIOUSNESS.

WOW! WHA' HIT ME? OH YEAH! HE CALLED FOR HELP AND HE MUST HAVE GOT IT! HE'S GOT A GANG EH? LET'S GO CAT-MAN!

NOW THAT THAT SNOOPER IS OUT OF THE WAY I HAD BETTER DESTROY THESE RIGHT NOW!

OH BOY! THE WAY HE'S STANDING IS JUST MADE TO ORDER! HERE I GO!

FLINGING THE DOOR OPEN SUDDENLY, THE KITTEN LEAPS FEET-FIRST AT THE CENTER OF THE MAD DOCTOR'S BACK!

STRIKE! JUST LIKE IN A BOWLING ALLEY!

OW!

GRABBING UP A HEAVY CANDLE STICK, SHE POUNCES ON THE SPRAWLED GANGSTERS!

THIS'LL KEEP YOU BIRDS QUIET FOR A WHILE, I BET!

BUT THE WILY DR. REGAINS HIS FEET AND WITH A MURDEROUS GLINT IN HIS EYES, LEAPS AT THE KITTEN!

YAH! ANOTHER SNOOPER EH! I'LL FIX YOU! HAHA-HA!

OH YEAH!

WOW! A GOAL!

LOOK KITTEN, THE EVIDENCE IS STILL HERE AND SAY! HERE'S THE DOC'S MURDER WEAPON!

HELLO, CHIEF OF POLICE? LIEUT. MERRYWEATHER TALKING. SEND A SQUAD OUT HERE TO PICK UP YOUR MURDERER AND HIS GANG. YOU'LL FIND ALL THE EVIDENCE AND THE MURDER WEAPON, A HYPO NEEDLE ON THE DESK! YES, DR. GRANT KILLED BANKER RICHER BY INJECTING A BUBBLE OF AIR INTO HIS BLOOD STREAM, AND SAY, GIVE MY REGARDS TO THAT DETECTIVE SERGEANT! SO LONG.

WELL, KITTEN, NOT A BAD ADVENTURE FOR A SMALL TOWIN' BUT YOU HAD ALL THE FUN!

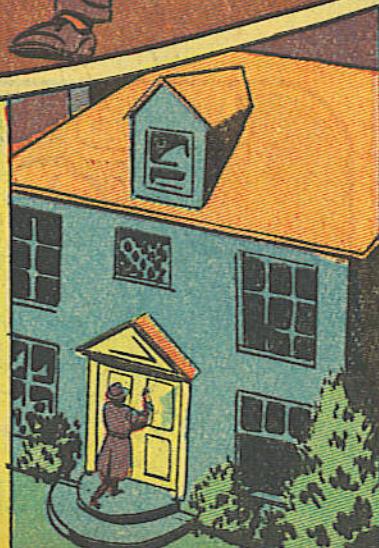
YEAH! AND IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU THAT I DID! SAY WHOSE THE FAT GUY WITH THE TURB?

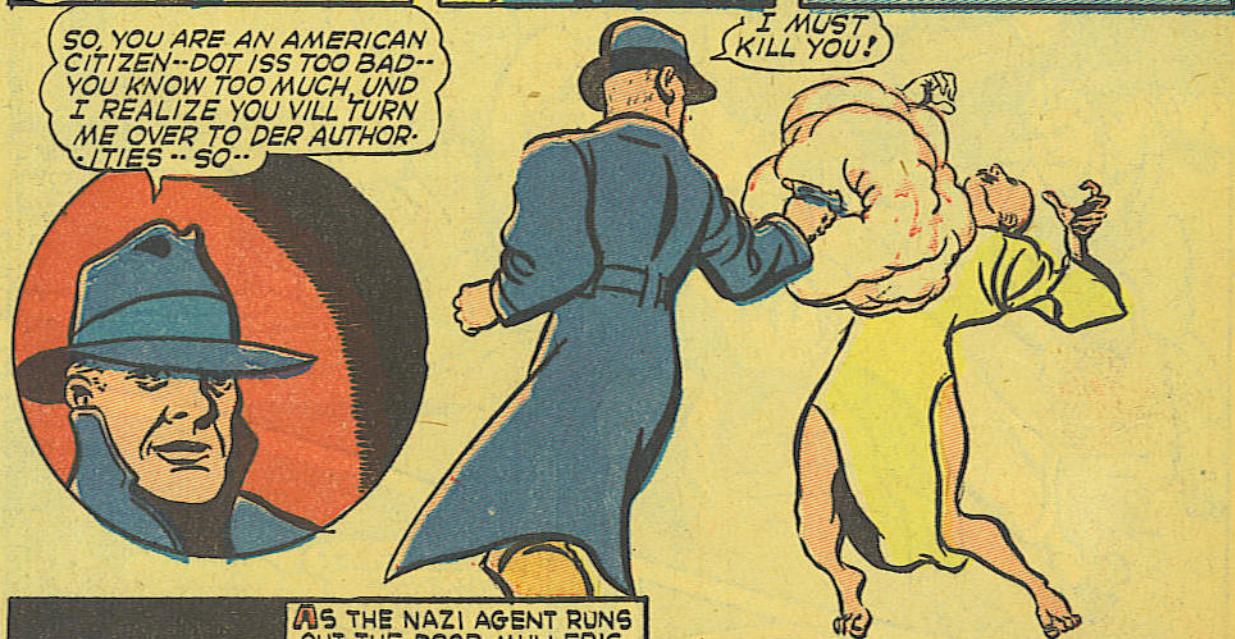
THAT, KITTEN IS THE RAJAH OF DESTRUCTION AND HE'S GOING TO MAKE THINGS MIGHTY HOT FOR YOU IN THE NEXT CATMAN!

The DEACON



WHILE THE CITY IS ENVELOPED BY THE SHROUD OF NIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE MOUNTS THE STEPS OF A HOME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY AND RINGS THE DOOR-BELL!

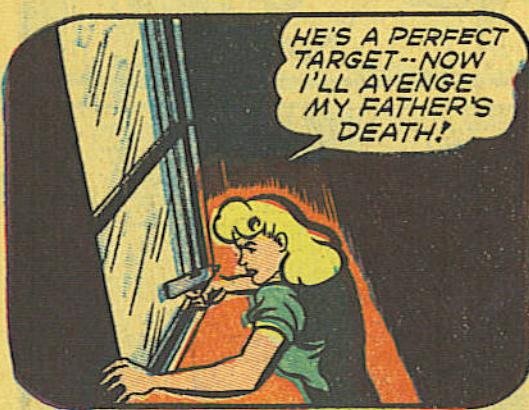
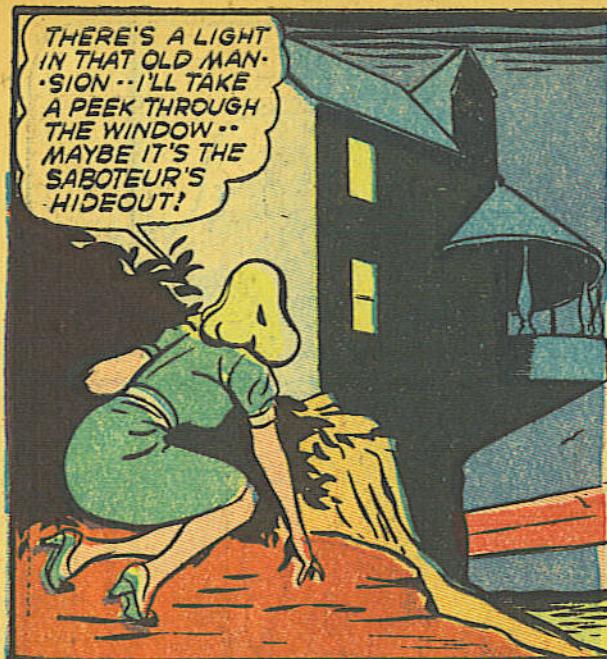






TWO HOURS LATER, HILDA APPROACHES SEA COVE LIGHTHOUSE!





OTTO, BRING
DER INHALATOR!

JA, HERR
SULZ!

THE NAZI LEADER'S CONFEDERATES WHEEL AN
INTRICATE MACHINE ACROSS THE ROOM--!

HURRY OTTO, ADJUST
DER PRESSURE
VALVE!

NO--NO--
PLEASE!

STRUGGLING IS USELESS,
FRAULEIN. DOT HELMET
VILL NOT KILL YOU--IT IS
GAS--VEN YOU INHALE IT,
YOU VILL FORGET ALL
AND DO ONLY VOT I
TELL YOU TO DO!

A FEW SECONDS LATER,
HILDA DRIFTS UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF THE GAS--!

IT IS UP TO
POINT 5:27,
I THINK DOT
ISS ALL SHE
CAN STAND!

VERY WELL,
SHUT IT
OFF!

FROM NOW ON YOU VILL DO
ANYTHING I SAY--YOU ARE
COMPLETELY UNDER
MY CONTROL.
DO YOU HEAR?

YES, HERR
SULZ!

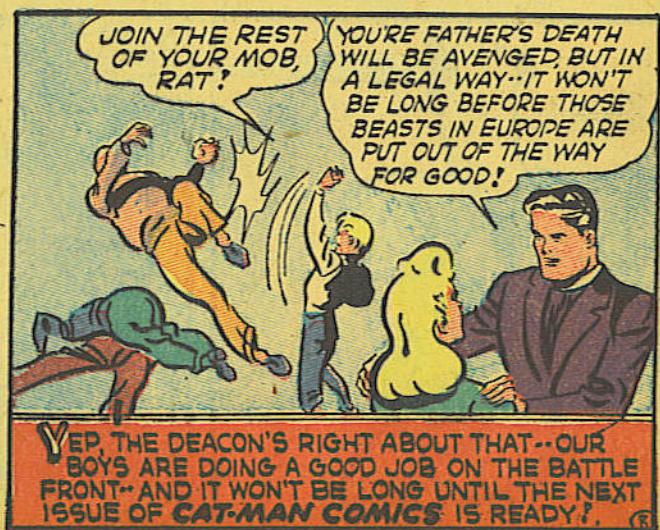
HERR SULZ--TWO
STRANGERS ARE
APPROACHING
THE HOUSE!

VOT! HAND ME
DER TELESCOPE!

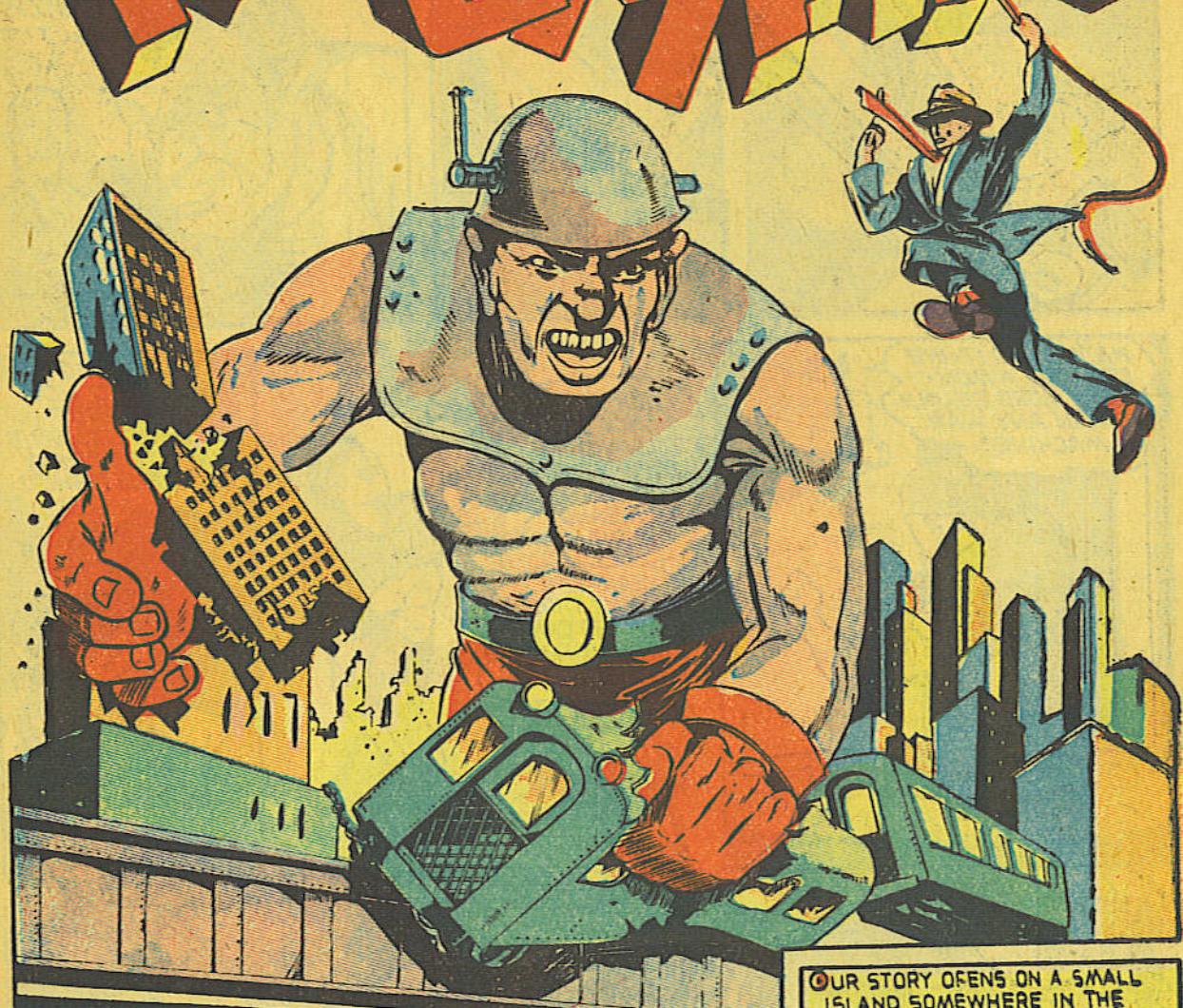
HA! IT ISS DER DEACON UND
HIS YOUNG FRIEND--VELL,
LET THEM COME--I'LL HAFF
A VERY UNPLEASANT RE-
CEPTION FOR THEM--
BRING FRAULEIN
MULLER HERE!







RAG-MAN



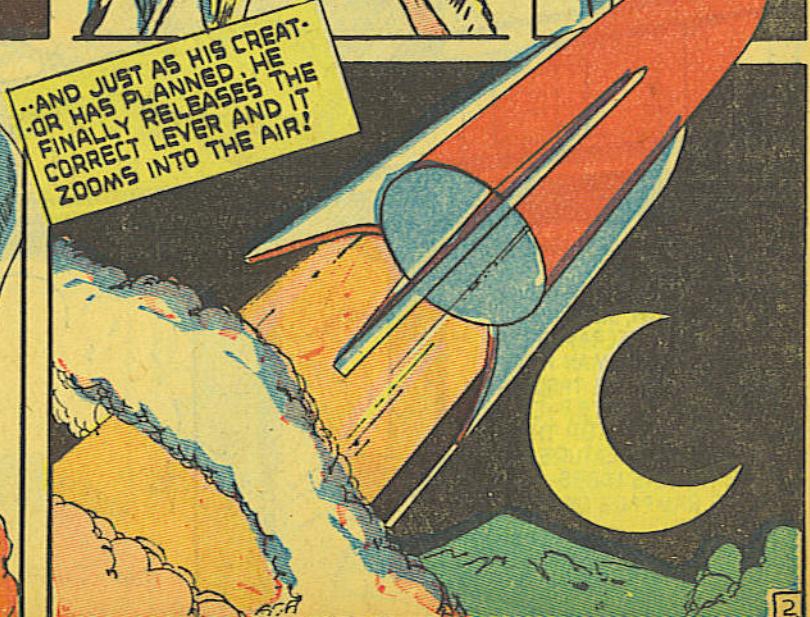
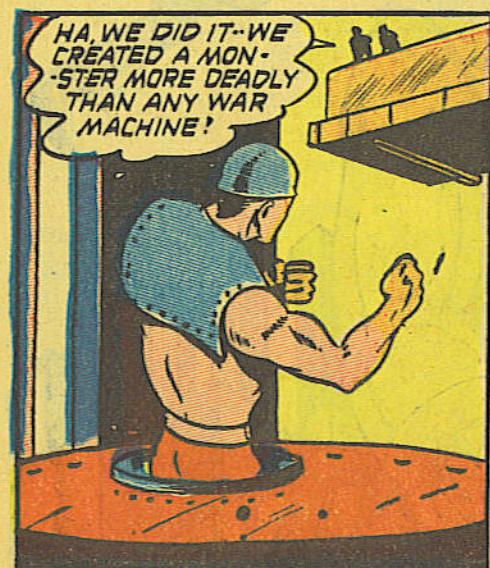
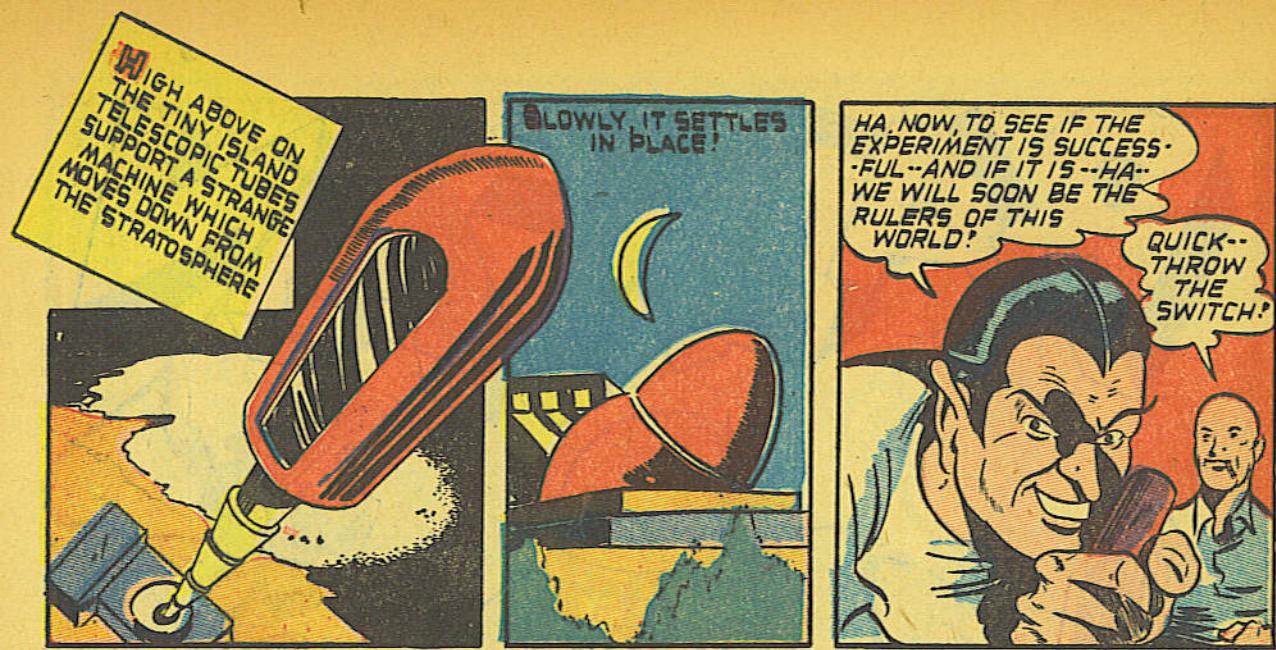
LIKE A HORRIBLE NIGHT-MARE COMES THIS GIGANTIC MONSTER--WHO, WITH A SINGLE BLOW, SMASHES TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS--WHO IS THIS HUMAN KING KONG WHO STALKS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS?--CAN THE RAG-MAN STOP THIS MAMMOTH CREATURE BEFORE HE LETS LOOSE ON HIS RAMPAGE OF DEATH??

OUR STORY OPENS ON A SMALL ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN!

THE METER SHOWS THAT EVERYTHING IS SET--!

GOOD--BRING HIM DOWN!

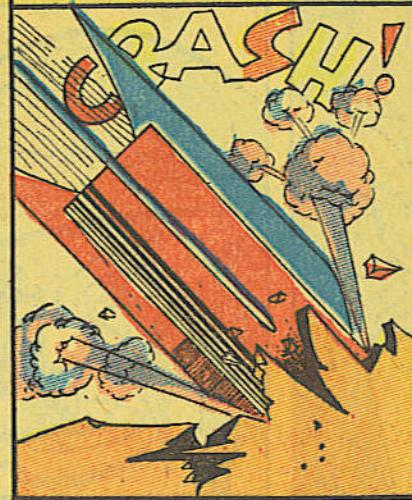
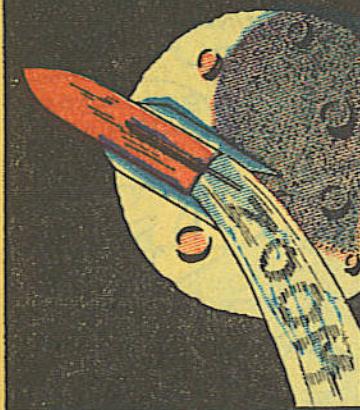




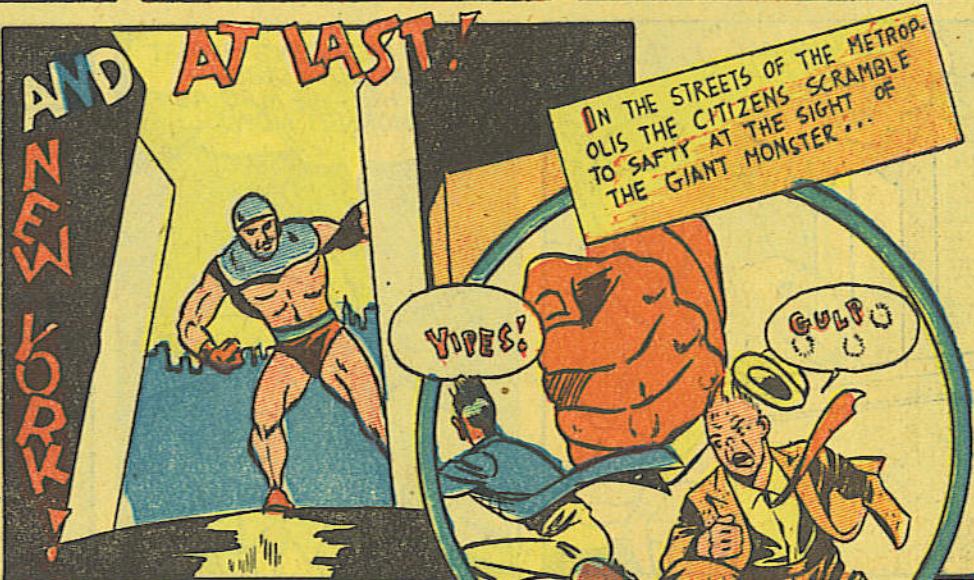
UP-UP--FAR INTO THE SKY--- IT ROARS AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED!

--MINUTES LATER, IT CRASHES ON A DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE!

--CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKED ROCKET SHIP, A GIGANTIC MONSTER TRAMPLES ACROSS THE FIELDS!



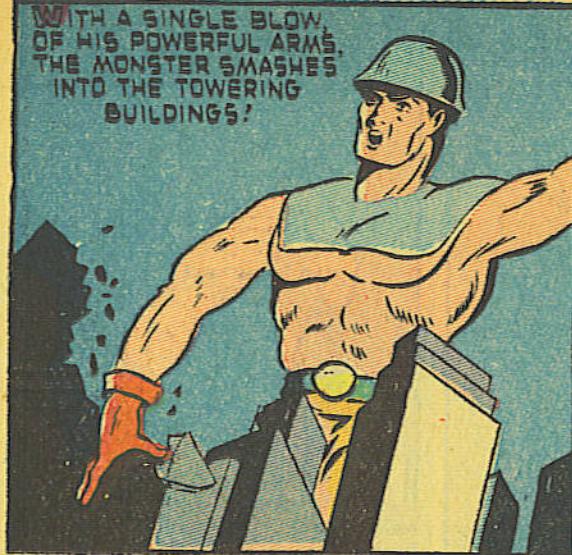
EVERY OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH IS CRUSHED BENEATH HIS TREMENDOUS WEIGHT!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE RAG-MAN AND TINY HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE'



WITH A SINGLE BLOW,
OF HIS POWERFUL ARMS,
THE MONSTER SMASHES
INTO THE TOWERING
BUILDINGS!



AT THE TOP OF A TALL SKYSCRAPER, HE COMES
FACE TO FACE WITH THE RAG-MAN!



GIVE HIM ALL
YOU GOT--HE
DON'T SEEM TO
MIND IT!



GOOD HEAVENS--WHAT
IS THAT GUY--QUICK--
RUN--HE'S AS MAD AS
A HORNET NOW!



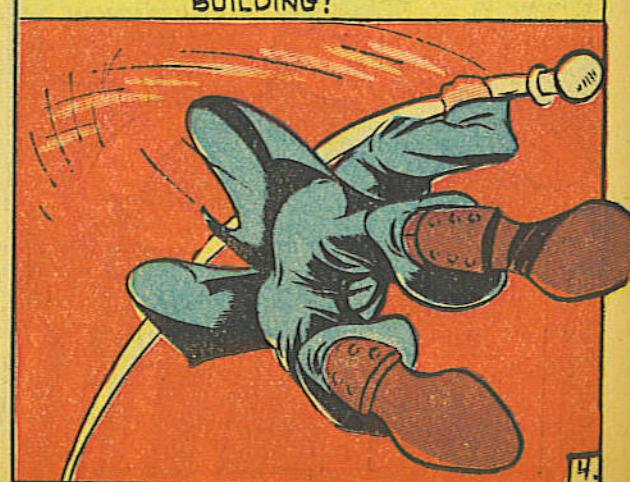
BUT THE RAG-MAN IS TOO
LATE TO ESCAPE WITH
THE OTHERS!

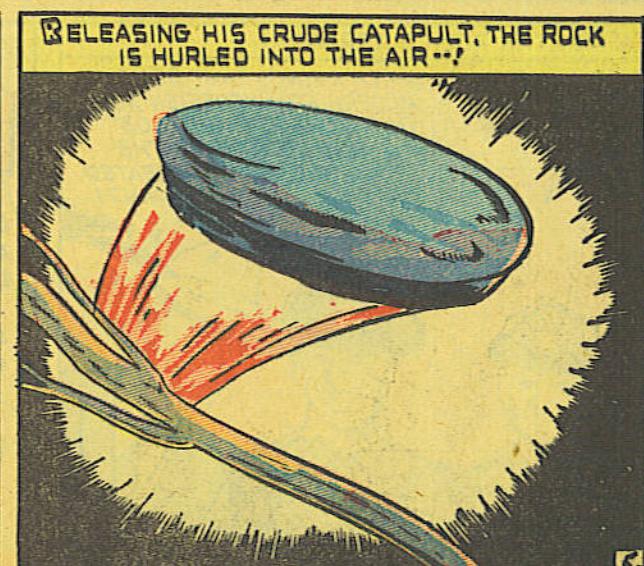
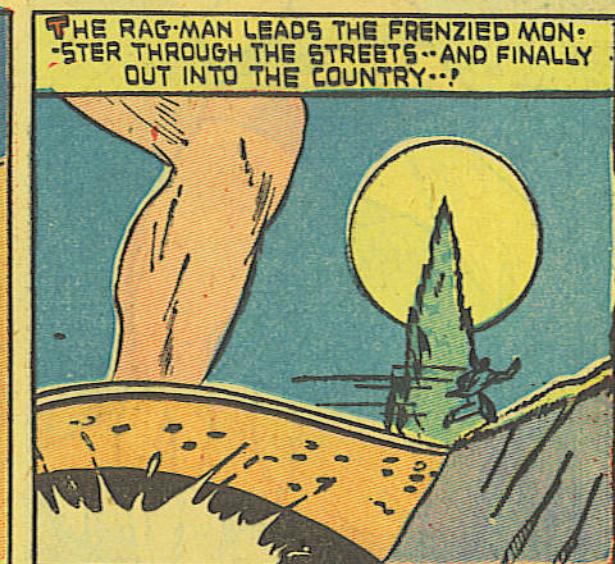
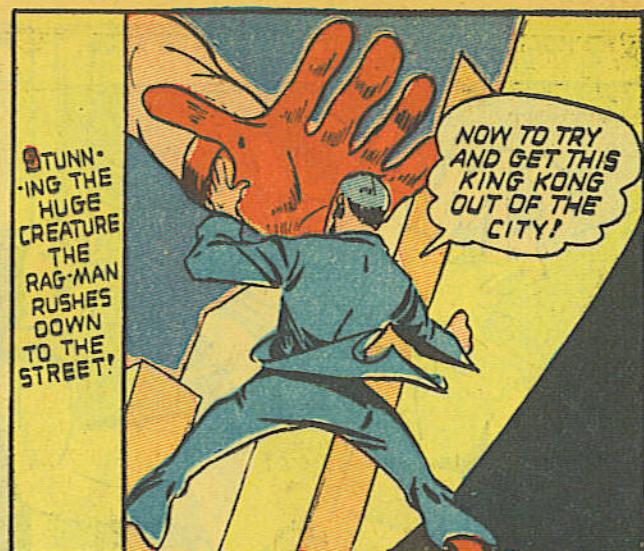
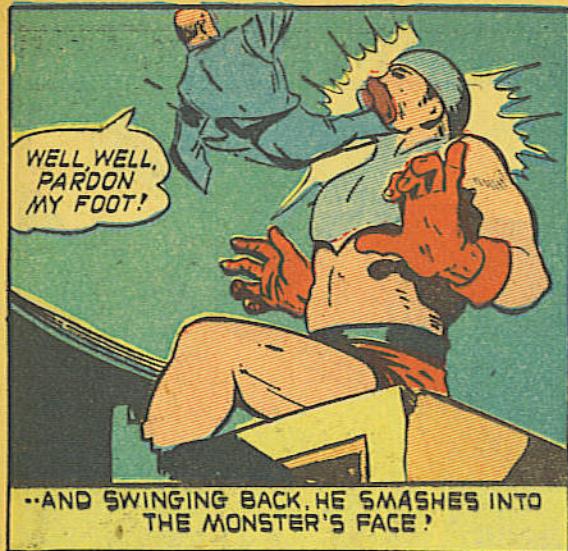


LIKE A SMALL TOY, THE RAG-MAN IS HURLED
INTO THE AIR--

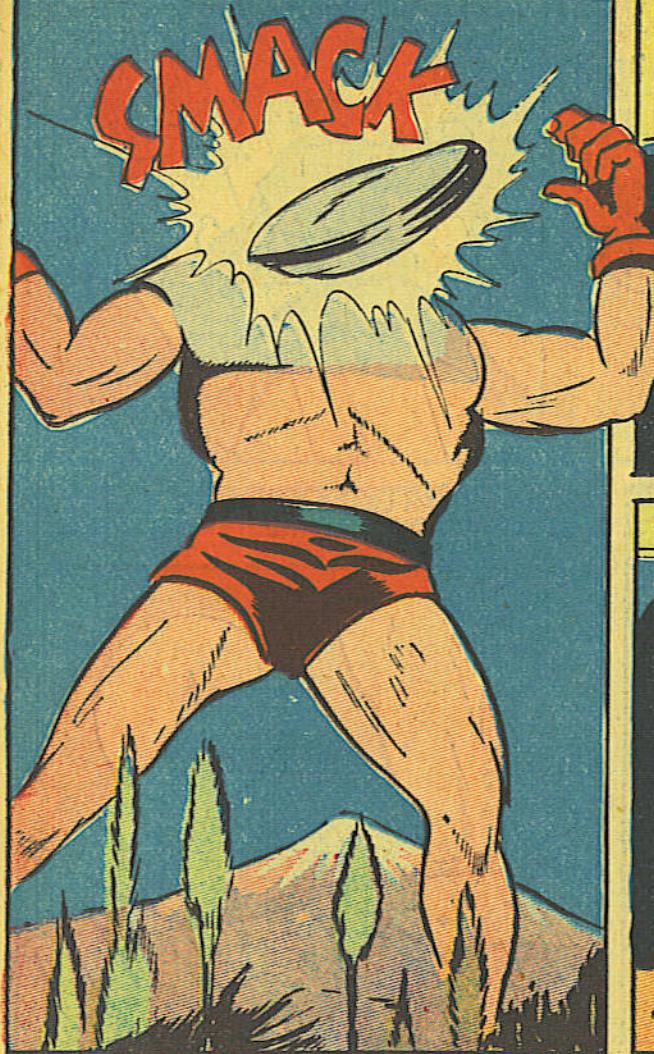


DESPERATELY, THE CRIME FIGHTER GRABS
FOR A FLAG-POLE ON THE ROOF OF A
BUILDING!





THE ROCK CRASHES INTO THE GIANT'S FACE WITH TERRIFIC FORCE--!



LOSING HIS BALANCE, HE STAGGERS BACK AND TOPPLES OVER THE CLIFF!



FEW MOMENTS OF STRUGGLE AND THEN COLLAPSE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE--!

LOOK--HE'S SHRINKING TO NORMAL SIZE!

WHICH PROVES THAT SOME MODERN FRANKENSTIEN MADE THIS MONSTER--OUR JOB NOW IS TO FIND THE FIEND WHO CREATED THIS GIANT!



NEXT MONTH

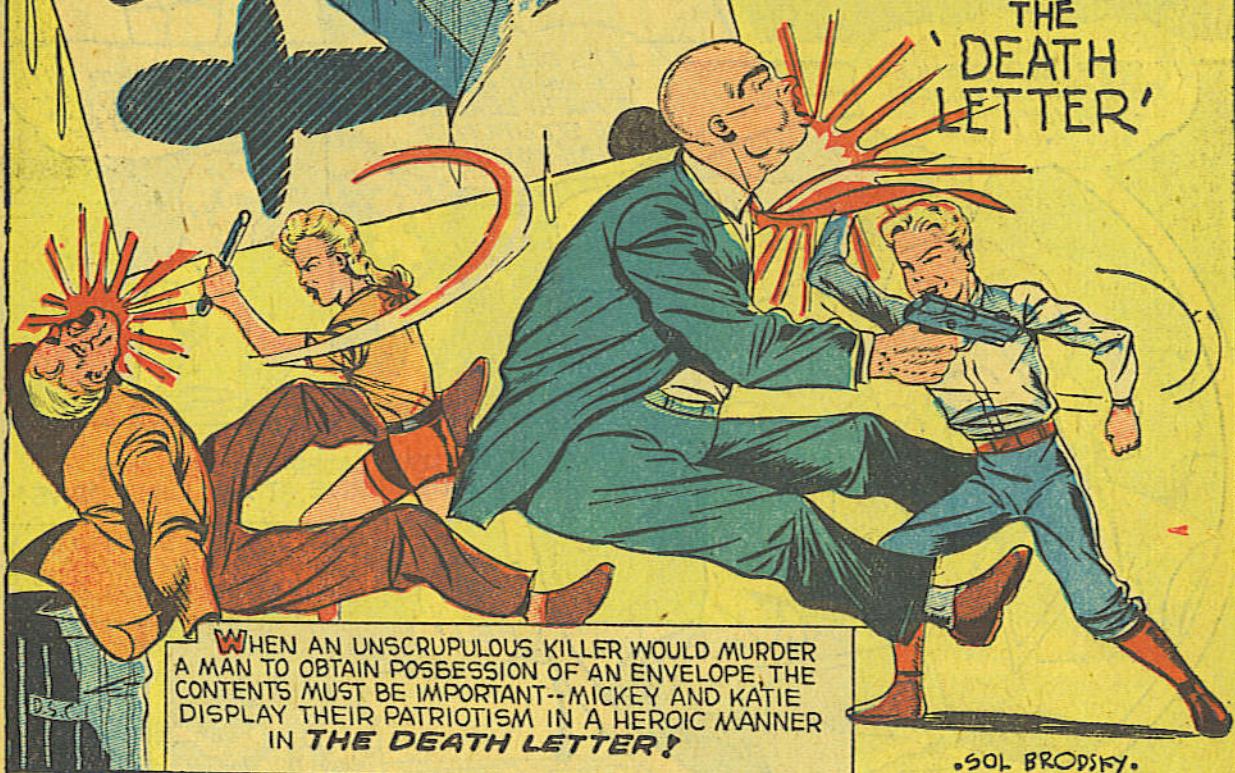
THE RAG-MAN

GOES ON A DANGEROUS MISSION AS HE TRACKS DOWN THE CREATOR OF HUMAN MONSTERS, WHO DEFIES ALL LAWS OF NATURE IN A MAD EFFORT TO CONQUER THE WORLD! CAN THE "RAG-MAN" ESCAPE THE FATE THAT HAS BEFALLEN THE HELPLESS VICTIMS BEFORE HIM? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE

of CAT-MAN COMICS!

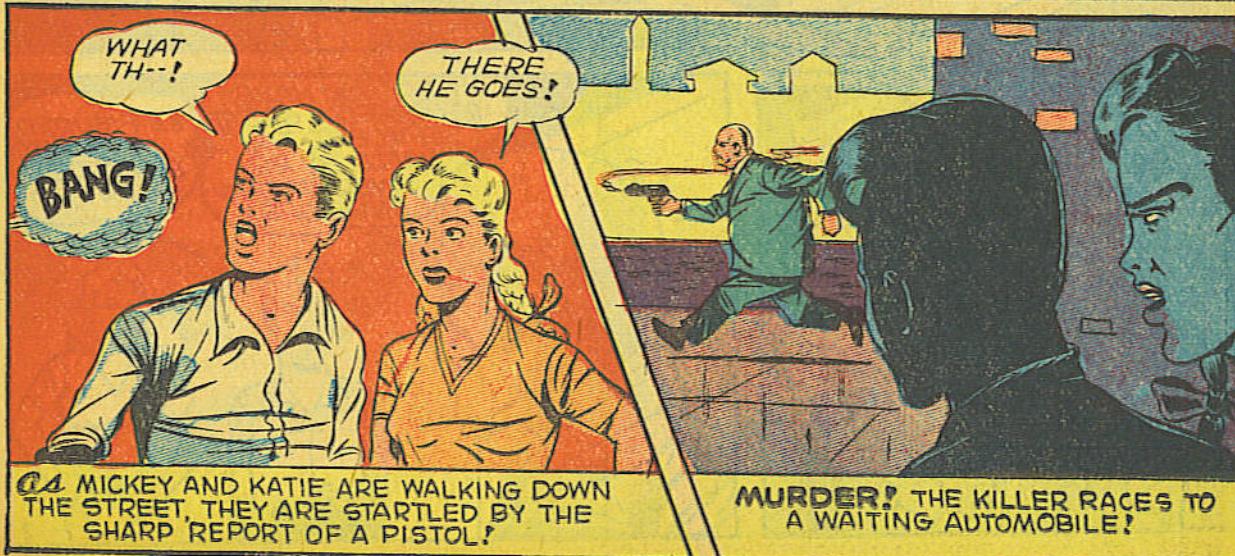
LITTLE LEADERS

'DEATH LETTER'



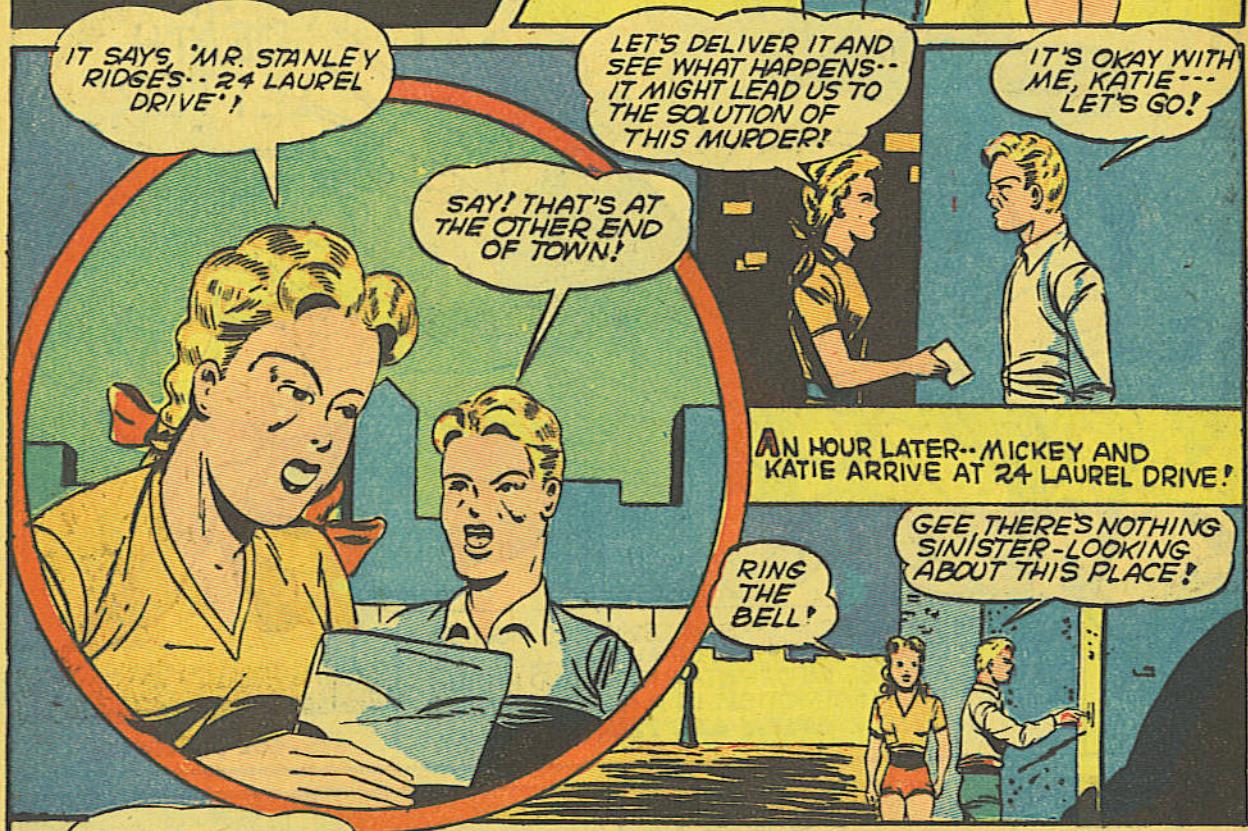
WHEN AN UNSCRUPULOUS KILLER WOULD MURDER A MAN TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF AN ENVELOPE, THE CONTENTS MUST BE IMPORTANT--MICKEY AND KATIE DISPLAY THEIR PATRIOTISM IN A HEROIC MANNER IN **THE DEATH LETTER!**

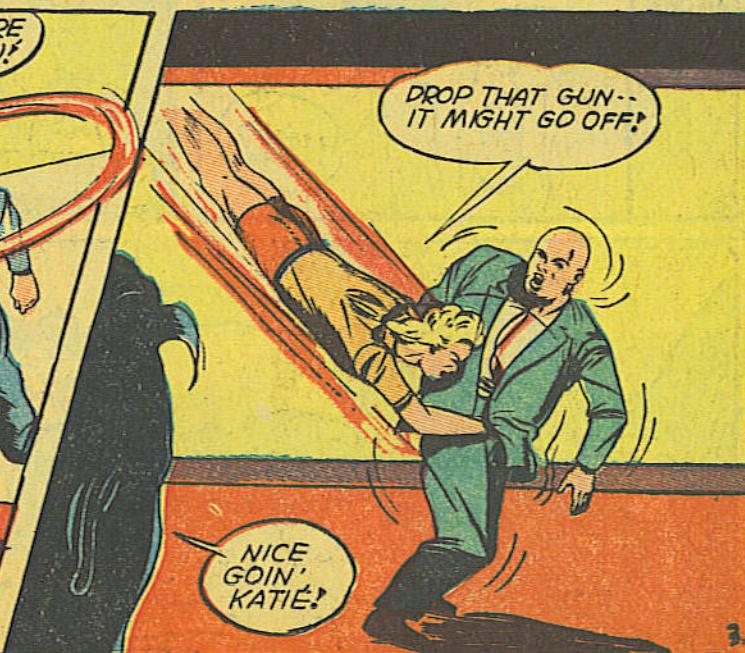
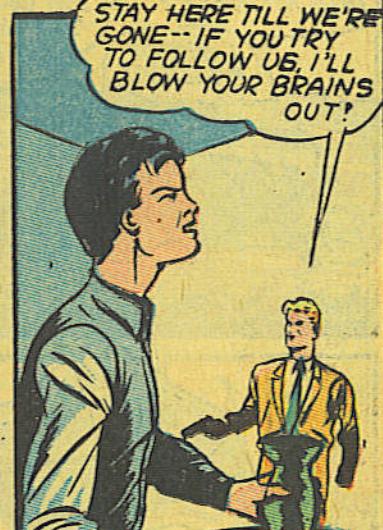
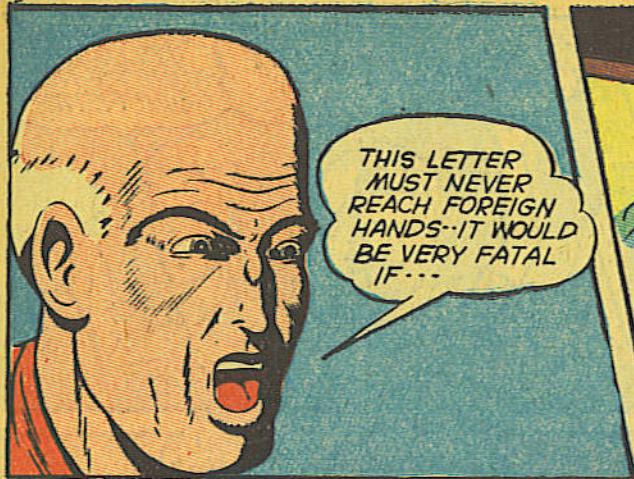
SOL BRODSKY.



64 MICKEY AND KATIE ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET, THEY ARE STARTLED BY THE SHARP REPORT OF A PISTOL!

MURDER! THE KILLER RACES TO A WAITING AUTOMOBILE!





I'D PLUG YA' RIGHT NOW, ONLY
THE NOISE WOULD BRING
THE COPS -- C'MON, I'M
TAKING YOU WITH ME!

OKAY YOU KIDS,
MARCH TO
THE CAR!

TAKE IT
EASY!

SOMETHING
TELLS ME
WE'RE NOT
GOIN' FISHIN'!



WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF
THIS, MICKEY!

WHEN WE GET TO THE
LAKE, WE'LL BUMP
'EM OFF AND HEAVE
'EM INTO THE
DRINK!

I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



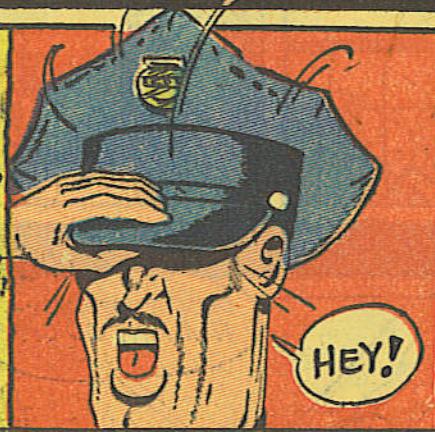
WHY YOU
LITTLE--P

BRRPP!



AS THE CAR PASSES AN INTERSECTION,
MICKEY GIVES THE COP A BRONX CHEER!

AT THE
NEXT
CORNER,
HE
ANTAG-
ONIZES
ANOTHER
OFFICER!



YEOW--IT
WORKED!



THE COPS-- THEY'RE
FOLLOWING US--
STEP ON IT, DASHER!



KEEP IT DOWN ON THE FLOOR--WE'RE LOSING 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE THE ROAD ON THE LEFT--THE COPS WILL THINK WE'RE HEADED FOR THE LAKE AND TAKE THE OTHER ROAD!

YOU KIDS KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT!

HA, WE GAVE 'EM THE SLIP!

ALRIGHT KIDS, THIS IS THE LAST STOP, AND I MEAN LAST!

START WALKING!

AS SOON AS WE GET TO THAT BIG BUSH, MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

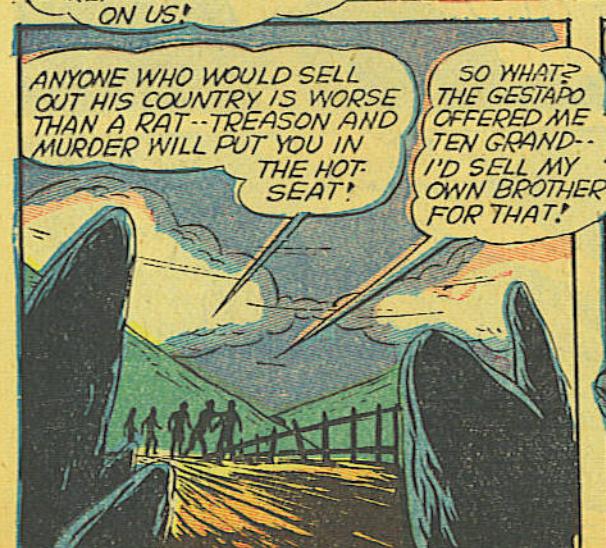
JUST AS DASHER GIVES THE COMMAND

BANG

THIS ROCK OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

OW!

SWISH



FRANK FAIRPLAY, SOLDIER

By HORACE WALLACE

On Thursday Frank Fairplay had received the usual long, white envelope from his Selective Service board and now, on Saturday morning, he was waiting his turn in the medical examiner's office.

Frank could have been excused because he had another year of schooling ahead of him but, when he appeared before the board, he waived this exemption and expressed a desire to enlist. He was accepted and all that remained now were the preliminaries to his induction into the Army of the United States.

As he waited in the reception room of the examiner's office he chatted amiably with the other selectees. Suddenly, the door opened and a short, rather stocky young fellow bounded into the room. Frank immediately leaped to his feet.

"Tom Patton! What are you doing here?" he shouted.

"I've enlisted," grinned the newcomer. "I heard that you were down here so I didn't wait for my draft call."

"Swell," exclaimed Frank. "I hope we can arrange to be sent to the same outfit."

"I think the three of us will go off together," chimed a third voice. Frank and Tom turned abruptly and stared with disbelief. A tall, dark youth had entered the door unnoticed and now stood smiling before them.

"Will Maitland, you old codger!" exploded Tom. "Don't tell me you've enlisted, too!"

"Right," grinned Will. "You fellows didn't think you could go off without me, did you?"

"Wow," exclaimed Frank. "This is going to be perfect!"

The three companions sat down on the bench at one end of the room and discussed with great animation their plans for a future in the army.

"Frank Fairplay. Step this way, please!" A doctor thrust his head through the door and beckoned.

* * *

A few hours later Frank and his two chums returned home to inform their parents of the thrilling news. They had been given ten days to settle their affairs and on Monday morning they took the oath, left the induction center in company with a group of other selectees, boarded a train, and two days later found themselves in Camp Winslow, a long, long way from home.

Once they were in the camp they were immediately forced to adjust themselves to army life: the I. Q. and aptitude tests, injections, dog tags, and assignment to barracks.

At the Quartermaster's depot they had a particularly humorous, though trying, experience. As they waited in the long line that passed before the windows where the various items were handed out, Tom chatted amiably with his comrades and kept them grinning with his usual droll remarks.

"Hey, Yardbird! Button your lip!" A big, burly corporal strode rapidly across the room and stood before Tom with hands on hips. Tom regarded him with a questioning expression.

"Yas, you!" growled the non-com. "You're in the army now, Bud—so stop acting like a clown!"

"Ye-yes, sir," gulped Tom.

And so they were introduced to their first example of army discipline.

Fifteen minutes later when the boys were being issued their uniforms, Will Maitland ran into similar difficulties when the supply sergeant handed him a pair of shoes.

"These shoes are size nine and a half," protested Will. "I wear a size nine. They're too big for me!"

"Oh, is that so?" sneered the sergeant. "You'll take size nine and a half and like it! And besides, when you start drilling and hiking, brother—your feet will grow to fit. Now beat it!"

"Better take what you get and say nothing," suggested Frank. "It seems to be a habit we'll have to cultivate."

An hour later they were ushered down the company street and assigned to their barracks. The burly corporal mentioned previously, showed them how to arrange their duffle and then led them outside to meet their officers.

Sergeant Brady proved to be a very tough individual. When he spoke the inductees snapped to immediate attention. But perhaps "spoke" is not the correct word, the "Sarge" bellowed like a bull. And his voice matched his frame. He stood six-feet-three, his chest was large and as round as a beer barrel, and atop his head was a wild thatch of flaming red hair.

"All right, men, at ease!" he thundered. "I'm gonna tell you a few things about army life and warn you that I'll make soldiers of you if it's the

last thing I do!" The Sarge continued on ad infinitum.

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful, the time being their own until the next morning when they would be introduced to the manual of arms. After evening mess—and the boys agreed it was excellent—they ambled over to the far end of the parade grounds where a rude stage had been erected. The soldiers were to be entertained by a traveling U. S. O. vaudeville show.

"I hear that an entire troupe of New York talent is going to be here tonight," chuckled Tom. "Gosh, it looks like army life is going to be just what the doctor ordered!"

"Oh, yeah?" thundered a voice behind them. It was Sergeant Brady. "Army life is going to be just what the doctor ordered, all right," he laughed. "You're going to get plenty of exercise in the morning!"

With that the burly sergeant walked up to the forward row of seats.

"I'd better keep my mouth shut," pouted Tom. "Every time I say anything around here, I put my foot in it."

"Don't let it worry you," smiled Frank. "But it's a good idea to think before you talk—and that applies to everyday life and not only the army."

At that moment a fanfare from the orchestra echoed across the parade grounds. The show was about to begin.

A great cheer rose from the ranks as Sergeant Brady leaped to the platform. The burly top-kick raised his hands and called for attention.

"All right, boys—that's enough!" he shouted. "We're going to have a swell show here tonight, I can promise you that. But first, let's all get together with the orchestra and sing 'The Star Spangled Banner'!"

A surge of feeling swept through Frank as the entire division of men rose from their seats and stood solemnly at attention, and cold chills ran up his spine as hundreds of voices joined in to sing the national anthem.

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,

That so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

The soldiers sang lustily and when the last notes had echoed across the parade grounds they resumed their seats.

"Hush up, Tom, the show's starting," cautioned Will as Tom carried on a running conversation with a fellow in the preceding seat.

And the show had started. The vocalist with one of the more popular bands from the city was singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," the boys joining

in with a loud clapping of hands and much enthusiasm.

The next attraction on the program was the popular young movie star, Gloria Winton, and the audience went wild when she walked out to the center of the stage. The lights were dimmed and two large torches were set on either side of Miss Winton, an effect which proved to be quite spectacular. Then the orchestra struck up an introduction and the young movie star began the opening strains of "God Bless America."

As she sang, a deep hush fell over the audience as everyone listened in rapt attention. Suddenly, Miss Winton emitted a piercing scream and ran frantically toward the wings. One of the torches had ignited the flimsy material of her dress and almost immediately she was enveloped in a sheet of flame.

Frank Fairplay was on his feet instantly and before the others could collect their wits he had reached the stage and bounded to the side of the actress. Without a moment's hesitation he ripped the heavy curtain from one side of the stage and quickly threw it about her shoulders, smothering the flames.

By this time the stage was swarming with soldiers and Major Manning of the medical corps lost no time in administering to the stricken girl.

"She'll be all right," he murmured after a careful examination. "Just a few superficial burns and her hair is singed slightly. If it hadn't been for the quick thinking and immediate action of that young private she might have lost her life!"

Gloria Winton turned to Frank and smiled. "Thank you, soldier," she murmured.

"It was nothing," said Frank modestly. "I hope you'll suffer no ill effects from your experience." With that he stepped down from the stage and rejoined his friends.

"Good work," beamed Tom.

"Looks like you're a hero around here," smiled Will as he shook Frank's hand. "Oh-oh, here comes Colonel Winthrop."

The boys drew up to attention and saluted smartly as the colonel approached.

"At ease," grinned the colonel. "My boy, let me congratulate you. The army is in need of men of your type. I'll keep my eye on you, soldier."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank.

Colonel Winthrop walked back to the stage.

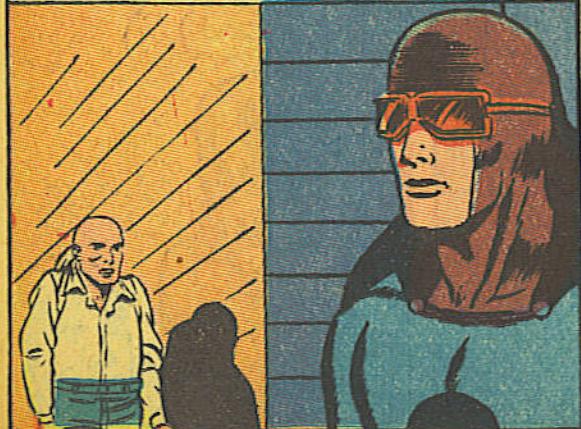
"Boy, you've made a hit with the colonel," chuckled Will Wainright. "I'll bet you'll be promoted to corporal in a week!"

"All I'm interested in is doing my duty," replied Frank. "If I can do that successfully, I'll be satisfied."

BLACKOUT



A DARK NIGHT IN AUGSBURG,
GERMANY--!



DID ANNA REACH SWITZERLAND SAFELY?

YES, SHE IS AT A PLACE WHERE THE GESTAPO WILL NEVER REACH HER-- WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL START BACK TO BERLIN!

DR. DISMAL SENT A MESSENGER FROM BERLIN--WE ARE TO SUPERVISE THE UPRISING OF THE V-ARMY IN CZECHO-SLAVAKIA--THE ALLIES ARE GOING TO START A SECOND FRONT VERY SOON!

THERE'S A TRAIN LEAVING FOR DEGGENDORF AT TEN!

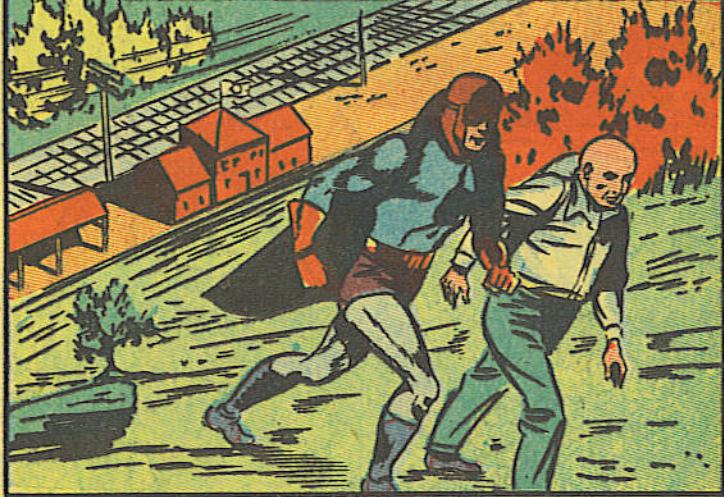
GOOD--WE SHOULD BE THERE ABOUT THREE--LET'S GO!



AND SO, THE DEGGENDORF EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT BEARING BLACKOUT AND HAPPY ON THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY!



REACHING THEIR DESTINATION, THEY STRIKE OUT TOWARD THE NORTHEAST!



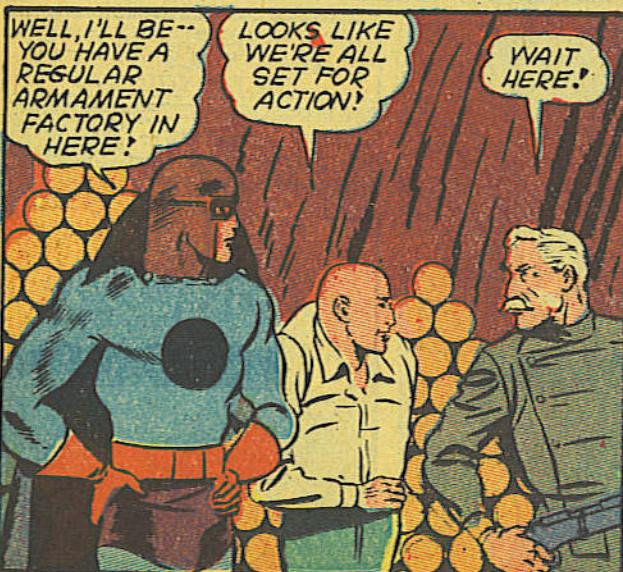
A FEW HOURS LATER, THEY ARE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BOHMER WALD, A RANGE OF MOUNTAINS SEPARATING CZECHO-SLAVAKIA AND GERMANY!

KEEP LOW, HAPPY, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE SWARMING WITH SOLDIERS!

WE ARE TO MEET KURT AT BUDWEIS-- I HOPE HE'S WAITING FOR US!

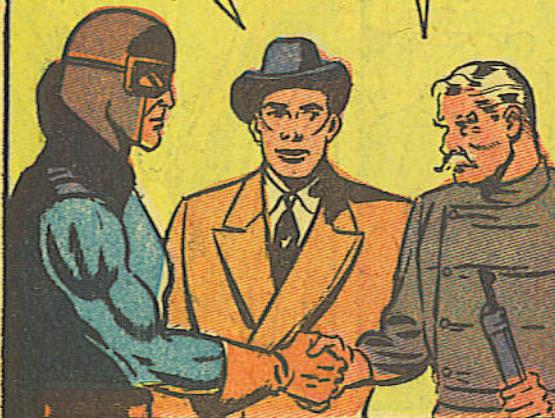
IF WE GET THROUGH, WE'RE LUCKY!





I WANT YOU TO
MEET RADEC--
HE IS CHIEF
OF THE PATRIOTS
IN THIS SECTOR!

I'M SORRY I WAS SO
ROUGH WITH YOU TO-
DAY, BUT WE CAN'T
TAKE ANY CHANCES!



YOU WILL BREAK UP
IN SMALL BANDS
AND HEAD EASTWARD,
GATHERING PATRIOTS
ON THE WAY--WE'LL
ALL MEET AT ZILINA
TWO WEEKS FROM
TO-DAY!

MY PEOPLE ARE
READY FOR OPEN
REBELLION--WE'VE
TAKEN ALL WE CAN
STAND FROM THE
NAZI DOGS!



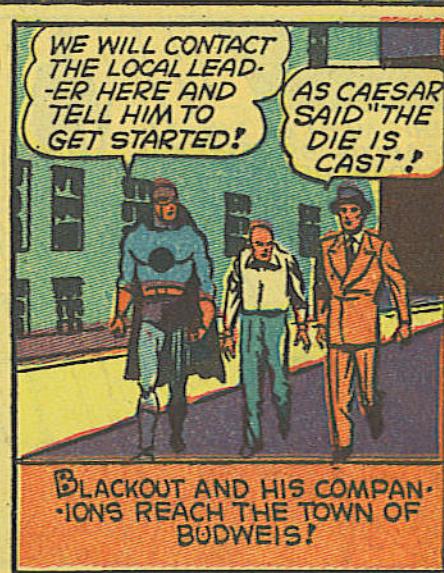
WHEN WE RECEIVE WORD
FROM LONDON WE WILL
ATTACK--THE REST OF
THE CONQUERED NATIONS
WILL DO THE SAME!

THAT NIGHT, THE MEN OF
THE UNDERGROUND SET
OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY!



WE WILL CONTACT
THE LOCAL LEAD-
ER HERE AND
TELL HIM TO
GET STARTED!

AS CAESAR
SAID "THE
DIE IS
CAST"!



BLACKOUT AND HIS COMPAN-
IONS REACH THE TOWN OF
BUDWEIS!



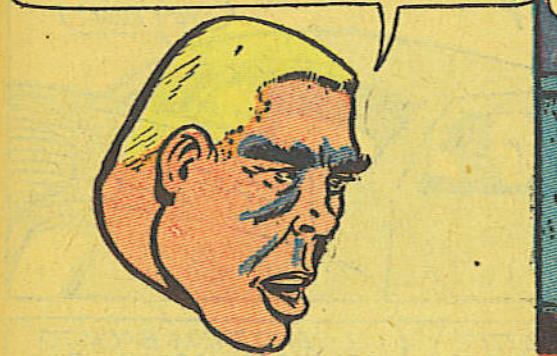
BUT A LONE FIGURE WATCHES AS THEY SLIP SILENTLY
UP THE STREET!



I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM?--I AM GRUMBACHER, DER HEAD OF DER GESTAPO HERE' IN CZECHO-SLAVAKIA UND I VILL SHOW YOU HOW I DEAL MITT SPIES!

I VON'T KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE--YOU VILL BE LINED UP AGAINST DER WALL UND SHOT LIKE DOGS!

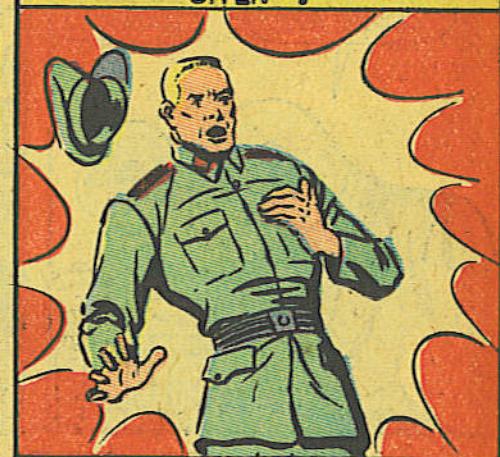
I HEAR SPIES GET A TRIAL IN SOME COUNTRIES?



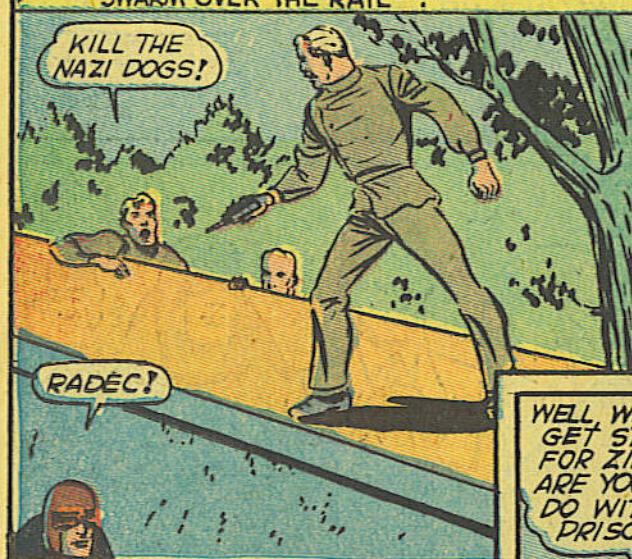
BRAVELY, THE THREE PATRIOTS FACE THE FIRING SQUAD. THE RIFLES OF THE SOLDIERS ARE RAISED AND CERTAIN DEATH IS BUT A MATTER OF MINUTES?



BUT THE DEATH SIGNAL IS NEVER GIVEN--!



A MOMENT LATER, RADEC AND HIS GUERILLAS SWARM OVER THE RAIL--!



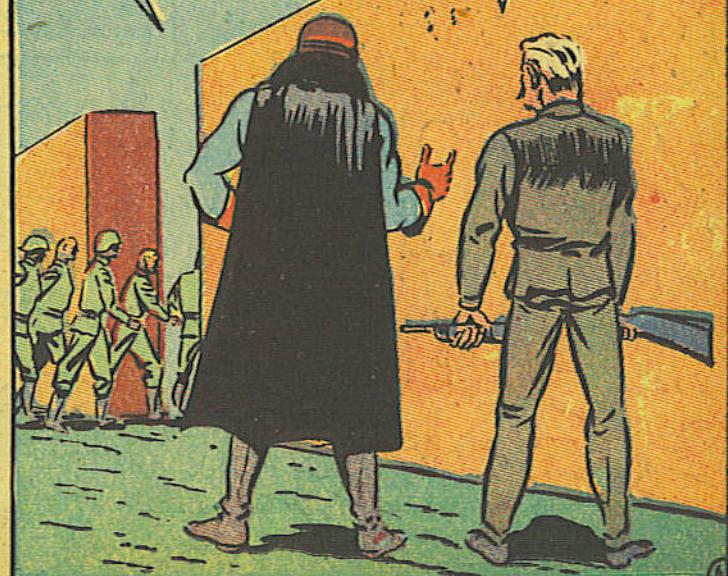
DER UNDERGROUND ARMY! GET OUT OFF HERE, QVICK!

DONNER--VETTER!

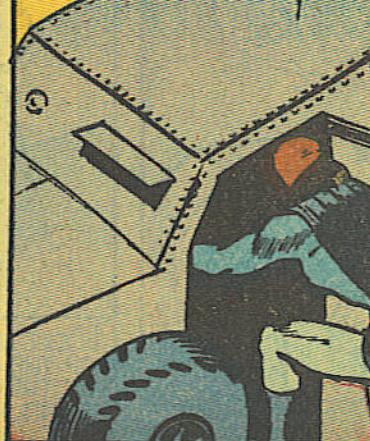
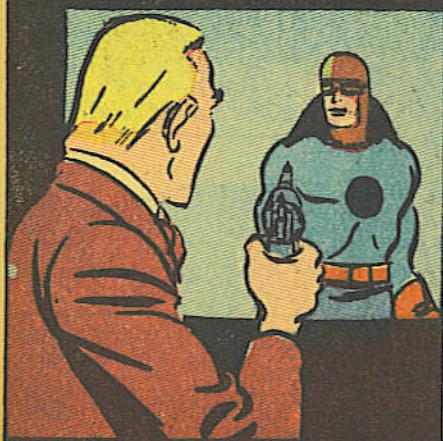
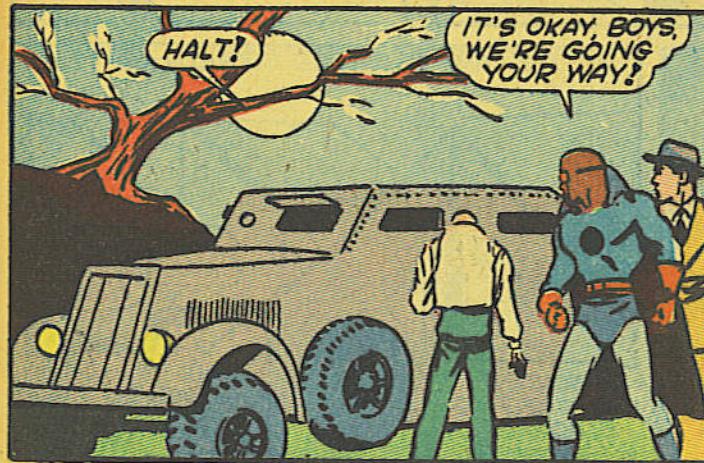
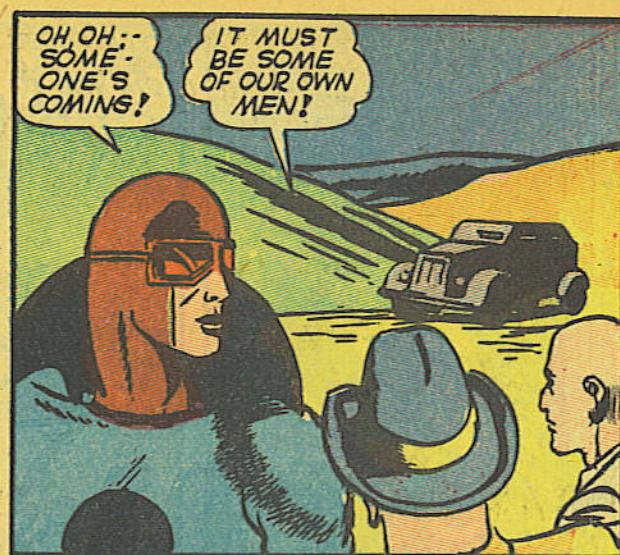


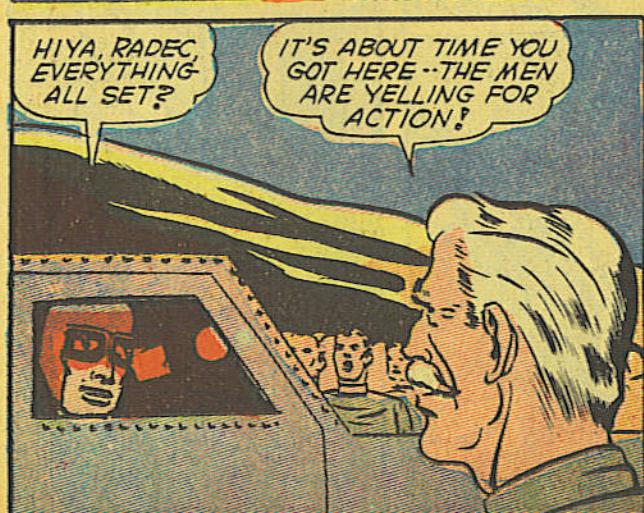
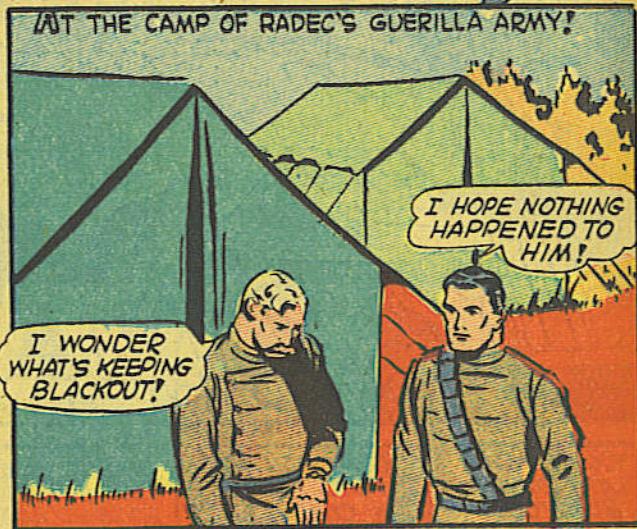
WELL, WE'D BETTER GET STARTED FOR FOR ZILINA--WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE PRISONERS?

I'LL SEND THEM BACK TO SPLIT ROCK GORGE--I AND THE REST OF MY MEN WILL TAKE THE SOUTHERN ROUTE TO THE BOHMER WALD!



ONE WEEK LATER, BLACKOUT AND HIS COMPANIONS APPROACH THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS OF THE REBEL ARMY!





NEXT MONTH, BLACKOUT AND THE PATRIOTS OF THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES WILL STRIKE AT THE MERCILESS LEGIONS OF GERMANY.. DON'T FAIL TO GET YOUR NEXT COPY OF CAT-MAN COMICS!!

PHANTOM FALCON



SOL BRODSKY

WELL, WELL, IF IT
ISN'T THE YELLOW
STABS IN THE
BACKS!

FEARLESSLY THE PHANTOM FALCON DIVES AT
THE SQUADRON AND QUICKLY BLASTS A
JAP OUT OF THE SKY--!

THE JAPS QUICK-
LY HUNT FOR THE
FALCON IN
PATROLS OF THREE,
BUT THE FALCON
SEES THEM FIRST!

FRANTICALLY, THE JAPS SEARCH FOR
THEIR ATTACKER AS ANOTHER SHIP
IS SHOT DOWN!

ONE DOWN-- NOW I'LL
PRESS THIS BUTTON
AND MAKE IT TWO!

SUDDENLY, A JAP SPOTS THE
FALCON'S SHIP, MANEUVERS
INTO POSITION AND FIRES AWAY!

AS ANCESTORS SAY, THE
ONLY WAY TO BEAT A
GOOD MAN IS TO FIGHT
HIM DIRTY!

IT'S THE PHANTOM
FALCON-- QUICK,
LET US GET
HIM!

IMMEDIATELY, THE JAPS CHARGE
AT HIM!

ALTHOUGH HIS RUDDER IS BADLY DAMAGED,
THE PHANTOM FALCON MAKES A PERFECT
LANDING! BUT...

WHAT
TH--?

SO, YOU BOYS
WANT TO
PLAY?

AND WHERE, MAY
I ASK ARE YOU
GOING?

ME GO AS FAR
AWAY AS
POSSIBLE!

YOU
BET!

OH--WHY DID
WE ATTACK
PEARL
HARBOR??

WELL, I GUESS
THE FUN'S
OVER!

SLAM

THIS TAKE
CARE OF YOU!

BUT THE PHANTOM FALCON IS UNAWARE OF
A JAP SNEAKING UP BEHIND HIM--!

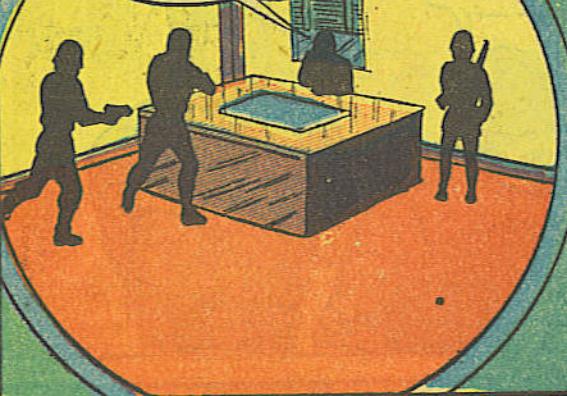
YES, HONOR-
ABLE COMMANDER!

WELL, FALCON, YOU ARE HELPLESS--WE ARE FIXING YOUR FAMOUS AIRSHIP AND ARE USING IT FOR OUR OWN PURPOSE!

BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN STOP HIM, THE FALCON JUMPS ACROSS THE DESK!

HELP!

WHY YOU!



I'LL FIX YOU!

AMERICAN PIG!

SLAM!



THIS COOL YOU DOWN!

UGH!

BAM!



YOU WILL BE USED AS A DUMMY, FALCON --- AND AFTER WE FINISH YOU, I HAVE 20,000 MEN READY TO MARCH AGAINST THE ALLIES!



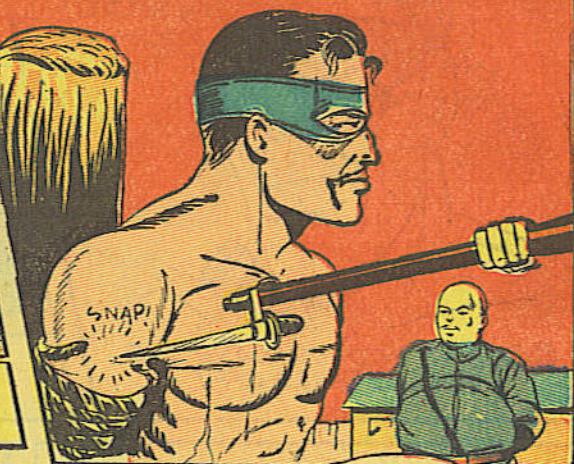
HONORABLE COMMANDER,
I WISH TO REPORT THAT
THE MUNITIONS SHED IS
ILLED AND WE ARE ALL
READY TO LEAVE?

GOOD...AS SOON AS
I FINISH A LITTLE
MATTER HERE!

START THE
TORTURE!



...AND AS ONE JAP MISSES
THE FALCON HE CUTS THE
ROPES THAT BIND HIM!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE JAPS THRUST THEIR
BAYONETS INTO THE PHANTOM FALCON--!

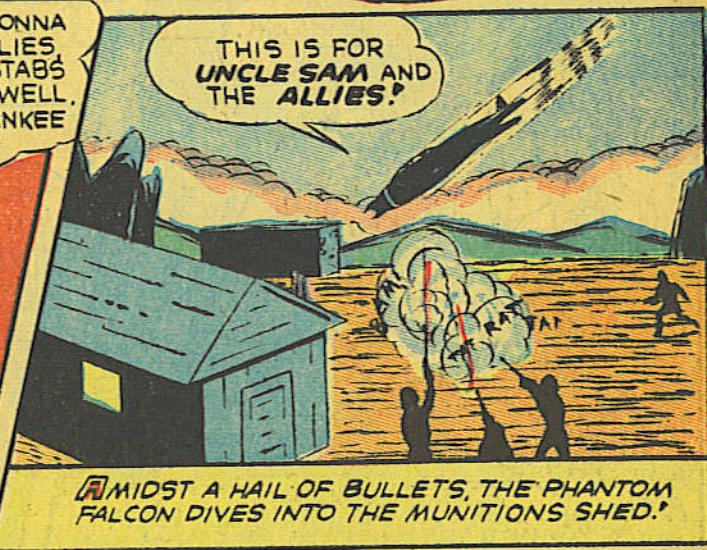
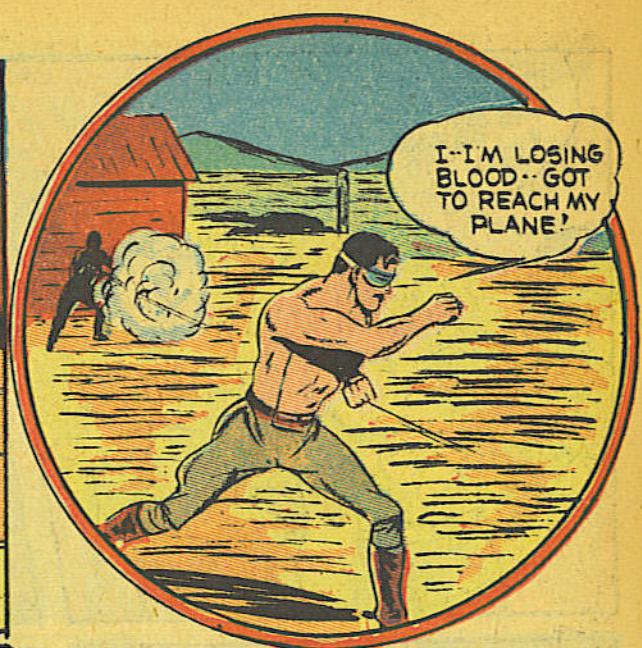


ONCE FREE, THE FALCON, ALTHOUGH
SUFFERING FROM THE LOSS OF BLOOD,
RIPS THE KNIFE OFF A JAP'S GUN!

YOU DOG.
ME KILL
YOU!



--AND GIVES HIM A SWIFT KICK
INTO ANOTHER JAP!?



The HOOD



AN AMERICAN MILITARY COURT DECIDES THE FATE OF BARON VON TUG, ALIAS THE VULTURE'S CLAW!



BUT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE STEEL
POINTED TALONS SLASH AT THE GUARDS!!



LATER AT THE LOCAL F.B.I.
HEADQUARTERS--!

WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD
THAT THE VULTURE'S CLAW
HAS ESCAPED!!



SOMETIME LATER, IN A NATIONALLY FAMED
DEFENSE PLANT--EAGER WORKERS GATHER
IN THE LECTURE HALL!



THE GUARDS' FIRE IS FUTILE AS THE VULTURE'S
CLAW DODGES THE FLYING LEAD WITH THE
DEFTNESS OF A BIRD!!



SEE? AN AMERICAN TANK FACTORY DESTROYED BY THE VULTURE'S CLAW! JUST LIKE THIS PLANT WILL BE!

LIGHTS! LIGHTS! THE MADMAN'S IN HERE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

SUDDENLY, A DEAFENING ROAR ROCKS THE COUNTRYSIDE!

BOOM BOOM

WHEN THE NEWS BREAKS, CRAIG WILLIAMS AND HIS CHIEF HURRY TO THE SCENE OF DISASTER--

THAT'S THE THIRD PLANT HE'S WRECKED--WITH EVERY PLANT SHOWING PICTURES IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHERE HE'LL STRIKE NEXT!

I GUESS THEY'LL HAVE TO STOP SHOWING FILMS AT DEFENSE FACTORIES!

THAT WON'T DO IT CHIEF--WE MUST TRAP HIM BY SHOWING FILMS!--WE'LL ALLOW ONLY ONE PLANT AT A TIME TO SHOW PICTURES--AND KEEP A HEAVY GUARD TO CRACK DOWN ON THE CLAW!

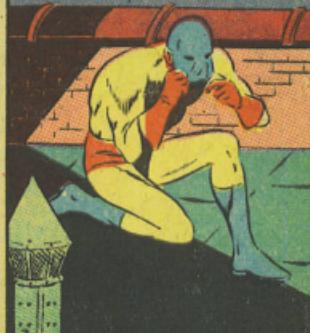
IT MIGHT WORK! WE'LL TRY IT ON THE YAKO PLANT!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AS THE WORKERS GATHER IN THE MOVIE HALL OF THE YAKO MUNITIONS PLANT, CRAIG WILLIAMS COMES AS THE HOOD!

IF I KNOW THE BRAZEN CLAW, HE'LL BE HERE SOMEHOW!

SEARCH EVERY CORNER!

TOO LATE--THE VULTURE'S CLAW STRIKES!



DISPLAYING A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH UN-BELIEVABLE IN A MAN SO OLD, THE WILY DOCTOR HURLS HIS CAPTORS FROM HIM --!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DOC, OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

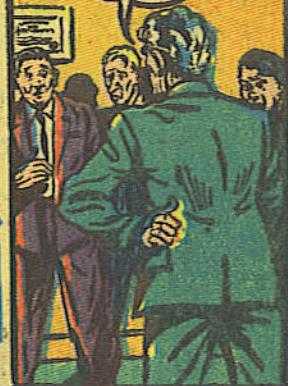


THE OLD DOCTOR'S EYES GLARE HYPNOTICALLY AT THE COWERING THUG!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID--
DROP THAT GUN!



AH, THAT'S BETTER--
NOW I SEE WE BEGIN TO UNDER-
STAND EACH OTHER
--SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU!



YOU KNOW GENTLEMEN, YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS SORT OF GIVEN ME AN IDEA--YES, A MARVEL-LOUS IDEA, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS I WHO DONE AWAY WITH BANKER RICHER?



MEANWHILE THE CHIEF OF POLICE AT CENTRE TOWN HAS AN UNUSUAL VISITOR--

AND IN MY CAPACITY AS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, I'M SURE I CAN CRACK THIS CASE FOR YOU IN VERY SHORT ORDER!

OKAY, LIEUT. MERRY. WHETHER, BUT I WARN YOU, IT'S A TOUGH ONE--THIS NOTE IS THE ONLY CLUE--THE DOUGH IS GONE, AND NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE ON THE VICTIM!



MEANWHILE, ALONGSIDE THE
OUTER WALL OF THE FACTORY--?



NEARBY, THE HOOD HEARS A
CRY OF DISTRESS!



THE CLAW SWINGS--BUT MISSES--!

OKAY, MISTER! ALL ABOARD--YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

UP YOU GO!

HEY!

WHAT GOES UP
MUST COME
DOWN--SO, HERE
YOU COME!

BONK!

SUDDENLY, THE CLAW LASHES OUT, AND THE HOOD CRASHES INTO A PILE OF SHELLS, TRYING TO EVADE THE BLOW!

THOUGHT
YOU HAD
ME, EH
PLAY-BOY?

STOPPED ME!
BUT NOT LONG
ENOUGH--THIS
TIME I'M GOING
TO--

BUT THE SOUND OF A SPEAKER'S VOICE ENDS THE CHASE!

GENTLEMEN, THE PICTURES OF THE YAKO MUNITIONS IN ACTION ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN!

THE PICTURE IS GOING ON--THE CLAW CAME TO THE BASEMENT TO PLANT A BOMB--I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!

...AND HERE WE SEE YAKO BOMBS DESTROYING AN AXIS AIRDROME--
AND NOW--

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL--!

ONCE AGAIN, THE FILM CHANGES
AND THE HARSH VOICE BELLOWS
OUT-- 

AND NOW YOU'LL
SEE WHAT HAPP-
ENS TO THE MEN
WHO MAKE
THOSE BOMBS!

THE PLANT'S
GOING TO GO
UP ANY
MINUTE!

WAIT! -- THE
FILM'S GOT
SOMETHING
TO DO WITH IT!

-- BUT NOW, THE
VULTURE'S CLAW
STRIKES! ▷

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
CHIEF?

UPSTAIRS, TO
HAVE A LOOK
AT THAT
FILM!

SECONDS TICK BY AS THE CROWD AWAITS DEATH - SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS SWITCH ON AND A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS --?

MEANWHILE -- IN THE PROJECTION ROOM!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE STOPPED
THE REEL IN TIME TO KEEP
THE BOMB FROM GOING
OFF!

CHIEF, THE HOOD'S
DOWN THERE--HE
FOUND THE BOMB!"

HE MAY HAVE SAVED US,
BUT WE'VE GOT A CLUE TO
WORK ON--THIS REEL IS
MARKED APEX--I THINK
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND
THE VULTURE'S CLAW?

I'D BETTER
TELL THE CHIEF
THE HOOD'S
ON THE CASE!

LOOK, IT'S
THE HOOD!

GOOD--LET'S GO!
WE'LL CAPTURE
THE KILLER AND
NOSE THE HOOD
OUT OF THIS
ONE!

HMM, THE CHIEF AND THAT BIRD ARE SURE IN A HURRY -- MUST'VE HIT ON SOMETHING -- I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK IN THE PROJECTION ROOM!

A man in a blue suit and hat, carrying a briefcase, walks up a set of stairs.

IF THERE WERE ANY
CLUES AROUND, THEY
WERE PLANTED ON
PURPOSE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE APEX COMPANY--!

READY MEN,
--IF HE'S
INSIDE,
WE'LL GET
HIM!

RIGHT CHIEF--
AND THIS IS ONE
TIME THE HOOD
DON'T STAND
A CHANCE!

WHAT'S
THIS?

G-MEN! UP
WITH YOUR
HANDS OR
WE'LL BLAST
YOU TO--

A NET--
WE'RE
CAUGHT!

I WAS HOPEFUL
IT WOULD BE THE
HOOD, BUT THE
CLAW NET WILL
BE EQUALLY
EFFECTIVE ON
G-MEN!

GOSH! LOOK AT
THE STEEL
PRONGS INSIDE
THIS THING!

NO WONDER HE CALLS
IT THE CLAW NET--
IT'S MADE TO RIP
ITS' VICTIMS TO
DEATH!

HA, HA, WHEN I PULL THIS
CORD, THE NET TIGHTENS
AND THE STEEL TALONS
WILL RIP YOU TO PIECES--
THE VULTURE'S CLAW
PERFECTS A MASS
MURDER--



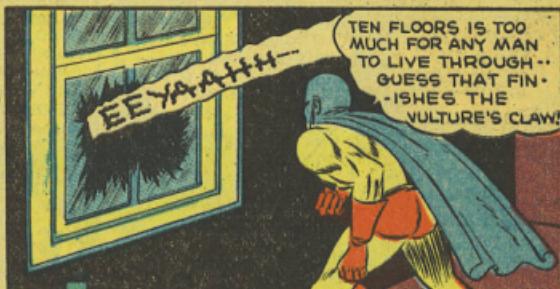
I...OOPS--
THE HOOD!

I DIDN'T LIKE THE
INVENTION, SO I
CUT THE CORD!

BUT I CAN STILL USE
THE VULTURE'S
CLAW!

AND I
CAN STILL
DODGE IT!





LATER, CRAIG WILLIAMS RETURNS TO HEADQUARTERS!



Cobber KAIN

40 OFFICIAL VICTORIES!

"COBBER" KAIN, ONE OF THE GREATEST ACES OF WORLD WAR II, WAS NOT AN ENGLISH MAN AT ALL, BUT A NEW ZEALANDER.. "COBBER" EDGAR J. KAIN... HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY ATTACKING AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS...

HE AND HIS BAND OF PILOTS BAGGED TWENTY PLANES EACH, ACCOUNTING FOR ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ENEMY SHIPS IN THREE MONTHS... HE WAS KILLED WHEN HIS BADLY CRIPPLED SPITFIRE WENT OUT OF CONTROL OVER HIS OWN FIELD!

OLIVER ASHFORD

RANCHO VILLA'S YANKEE CAPTAIN



1915...AT EIGHTEEN, THE BURNING DESIRE
TO SEE WAR FOUND F.C. FACKLER IN CHI-
HUAHUA, MEXICO...LANDING THERE IN AN
EMPTY BOX CAR, HE FOUND HIMSELF CON-
FRONTED BY A BAND OF VILLISTAS...!

A GRINGO!
SIEZE HIM!

SI. MUY
CAPITAN!

YOU COME
WEETH US,
PRONTO!

Y-YES
SIR'

PANCHO VILLA WILL
BE HAPPY TO TAKE
CARE OF YOU?

"I WAS BADLY FRIGHTENED AS THEY PRODDED ME ALONG WITH THEIR RIFLES..."

YOU STAY IN THERE - WE COME FOR YOU LATER!

HO, HO - WE FEEX YOU!

HEY TAKE IT EASY!

"I WAS CONFINED IN THE GUARD HOUSE ALL THAT NIGHT."

WHAT WILL THEY DO TO US?

AMIGO, EET EES PLAIN TO SEE ZAT YOU DO NOT KNOW PANCHO VILLA - WE WEEL BE SHOT IN ZEE MORNING!

"AS THE SUN PEEPED OVER THE MOUNTAIN, THE SOLDIERS LED THEIR PRISONERS OUTSIDE"

ADIOS, AMIGO!

TAKE THEM OUTSIDE!

FIRE!

INSTEAD OF SHOOTING ME THE CAPTAIN LED ME INTO THE MEXICAN CAMP!

MAYBE HE WANTS TO KILL ME PERSONNALLY?

COME!

OH, OH - IT'S MY TURN - WHY DIDN'T I STAY AT HOME?

REACHING VILLA'S HEAD-QUARTERS, HE MADE ME WAIT OUTSIDE WHILE HE ENTERED!

WAIT HERE, GRINGO!

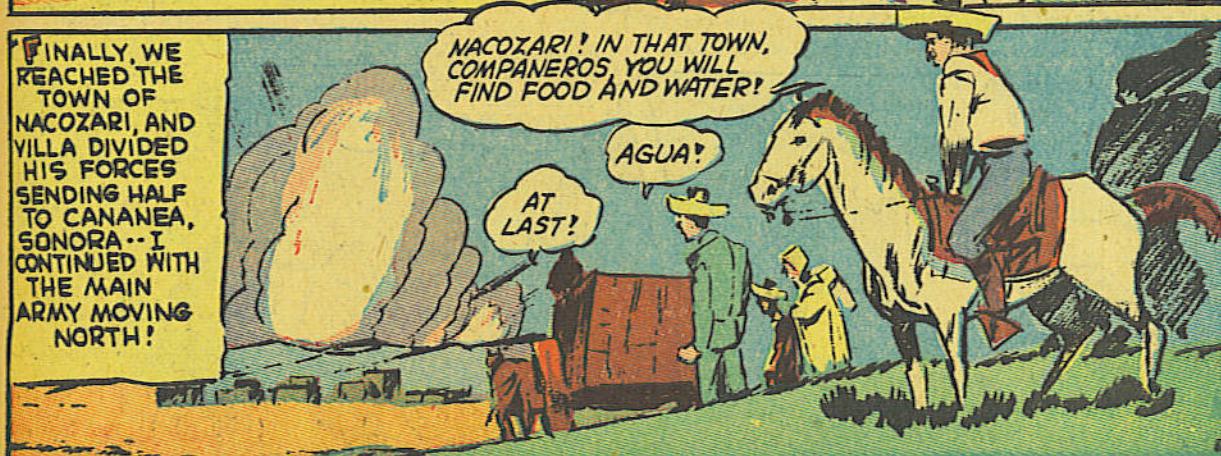
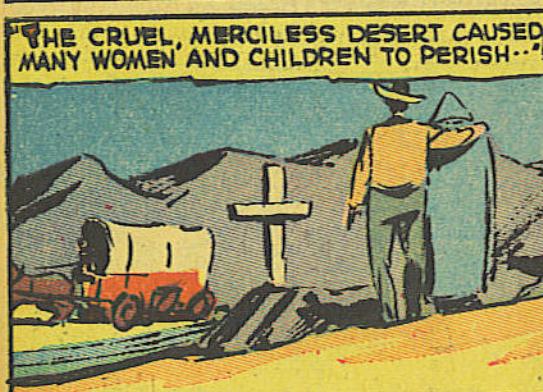
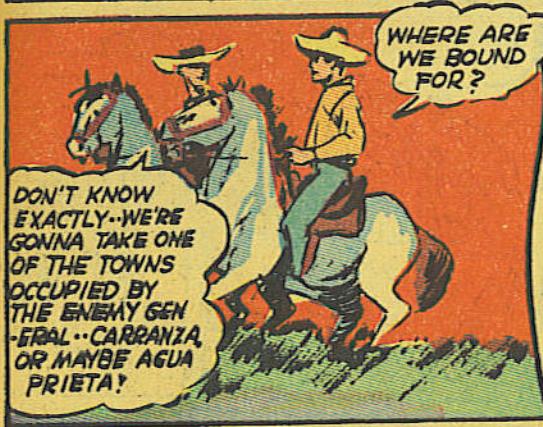
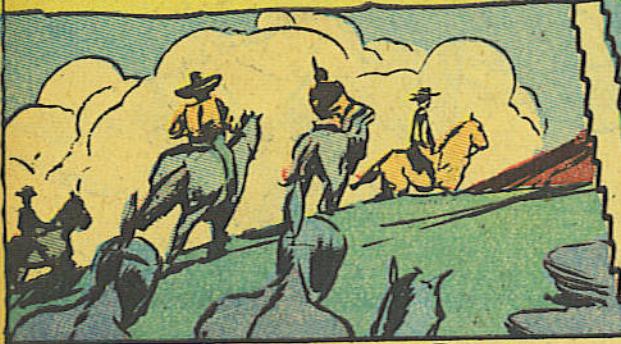
OH, OH - I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!

"A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDIT CHIEF STEPPED THROUGH THE DOORWAY"

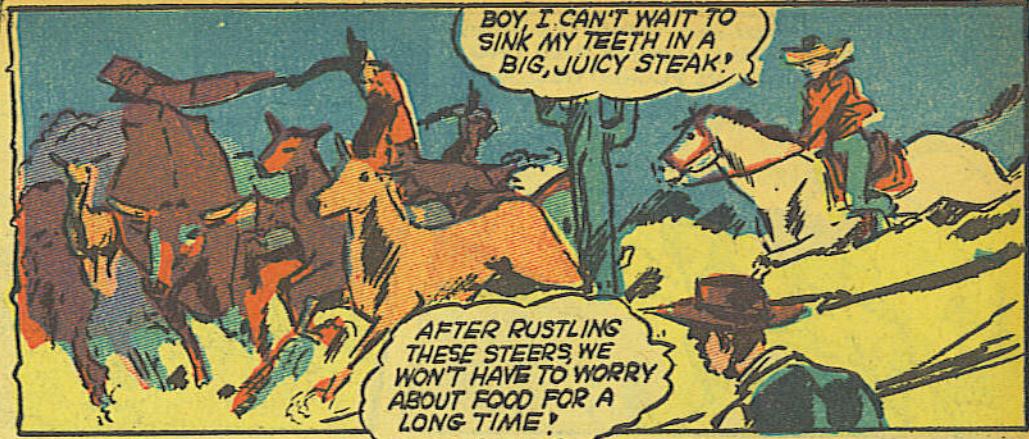


'NEXT MORNING, AN ADVANCE GUARD COMPOSED OF McELROY, NELSON AND MYSELF AND TWO THOUSAND YAQUI INDIANS PUSHED WELL AHEAD'

"ON THE REAR, THE MAIN ARMY OF VILLISTAS WITH THEIR FAMILIES AND POSSESSIONS MARCHED TO WAR -- THERE WASN'T A STRANGER ARMY THAN THIS IN THE WORLD"



ONE MORNING, NELSON AND MYSELF WITH FOUR YAQUIS WERE BRINGING A HERD OF TWO HUNDRED FAT STEERS TO OUR CAMP!"



"A MEXICAN MAJOR RUSHED TOWARD US AND DEMANDED THAT WE GIVE UP THE STEERS--- CARRUSTA, OUR YAQUI CAPTAIN, REFUSED---"



"NO! THIS MEAT IS OURS--GET YOUR OWN!"

"THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO OBEY!"



"YOU DIRTY RAT-- SHOOT DOWN A DEFENSELESS MAN, WILL YOU?"

"PANDEMOMIUM BROKE LOOSE AS THE MEXICANS FIRED, SHOOTING MY HORSE FROM UNDER ME--"

BANG

BANG



"AS IF BY MAGIC, HUNDREDS OF YAQUIS CAME TO OUR ASSISTANCE AND THE MEXICANS RAN..."



HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD, FACKLER--YOU'RE GONNA GET INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE FOR HITTING THAT MAJOR!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING!



I WANT THE GRINGO--HE NEARLY KILLED OUR SUPPLY MAJOR AND HE MUST PAY?

NO..YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR SHOOTING CARRUSTA--WE WILL GO TO THE COLONEL?

IN THE MEXICAN COLONEL'S OFFICE--?

YOUR MAJOR SHOT OUR CAPTAIN--YOU TURN HIM OVER TO US!

ABSOLUTELY NOT! HASN'T THERE BEEN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY?

ALLRIGHT, WE DECLARE WAR--COME!

YOU FOOLS--YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

BARRICADES WERE QUICKLY THROWN UP AS THE YAQUIS AND MEXICANS PREPARED FOR BATTLE--"

HOLD YOUR FIRE--SEND FOR VILLA!

"AFTER RIDING ALL NIGHT, VILLA FINALLY ARRIVED AT CAMP--"

WHAT EES THE TROUBLE--LAY DOWN YOUR GUNS!

WHAT EES THEE--I TURN MY BACK AND YOU FIGHT LIKE A BUNCH OF BABEES--DON'T YOU KNOW THEE EES WAR?

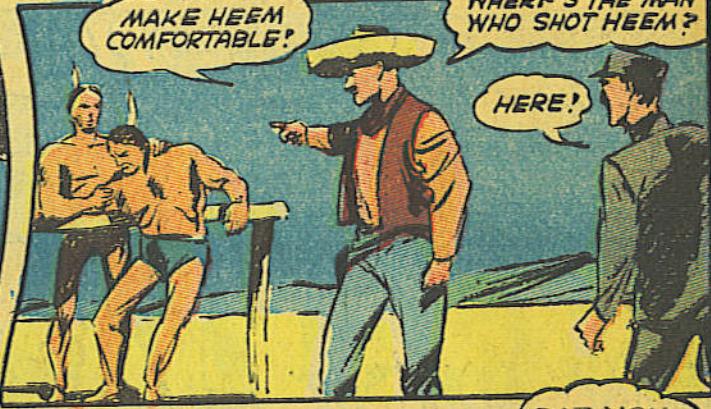
"MY HEART THUMPED LOUDLY AS I STEPPED FORWARD AND WONDERED WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH ME--"

YANKEE--STEP UP!

DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN
TO HEET ONE OF MY OFFICERS--
I KEEL FOR LESS THAN THAT!

I'D HIT THE DEVIL HIMSELF
IF HE TRIED TO KILL MY
CAPTAIN!

YANKEE YOU ARE
AN HOMBRE AFTER
MY OWN FASHION--
I LIKE YOU--YOU
SHOULD HAVE
KEELED HEEM!



"FINALLY, WE REACHED AGUA PRIETA, THE HEAD-
-QUARTERS OF CARRANZA..."

“RIDE AHEAD AND TELL
CARRANZA WE’LL
ATTACK AT DAY-
LIGHT ON NOV. 2.”

“SI, SI...
GENERAL!”

“ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER SECOND, WE
PREPARED TO ATTACK...”

“SHOW NO MERCY TO
ANYONE, MI BRAVE
HOMBRES -- WHEN
IT FEELS ALL OVER,
WE WILL OCCUPY
AGUA PRIETA!”

“OUR ARTILLERY OPENED FIRE ON THE TOWN--”

“BLAST THE TOWN
TO PIECES, MI
COMPANEROS!”

“FIRE!”

“WHEN ARE WE GO-
ING TO CHARGE?”

“AS SOON AS THE ORDER
COMES THROUGH--TAKE
IT EASY, KID!”

“CHARGE”

“VIVA VILLA
VIVA PANCHO
VILLA”

“WATCH OUT KID, SHE WON’T BE BAD UNTIL
WE GET CLOSE IN--WE’LL CLEAN OUT THE
FIRST HOUSE WE COME TO AND
HOLD IT, SEE?”

“THE CHARGE
STOPPED SUDDENLY--
CARRANZA’S GUNS
HAD FOUND THE
RANGE--A BULLET
IMBEDDED ITSELF
IN MY HORSE’S
NECK AND AN-
OTHER HIT ME
IN THE KNEE!”

“OH--MY
LEG!”

“HEEEEEE”

I WOULD HAVE TO GET WOUNDED
JUST WHEN THE FIGHTING STARTED...
WONDER WHERE McELROY AND VILLA
ARE?

"THE CRUEL SUN BLAZED DOWN UNMERCIFULLY,
AND I HAD NO CHANCE TO GET AWAY BEFORE
DARK..."

"AFTER A TIME, THE EARTH SHOOK AS
VILLA'S CAVALRY WHEELED AND RETREATED..."

CARAMBA!
LET US GET
OUT OF HERE!

"BY NIGHTFALL, VILLA HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY
DEFEATED--I LIMPED AWAY FROM THE BATTLE-
FIELD AND HEADED FOR THE BORDER..."

"HOURS LATER, I ARRIVED AT A WOOD GATHERER'S
CAMP ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BISBEE, ARIZONA..."

"THAT NIGHT, HE FERRIED ME OVER
THE RIVER..."

HERE EES DRINK...
YOU CANNOT CROSS
XE RIO NOW--
AMERICAN PATROL
GUARD XE BORDER!
TO-NIGHT I WEE
SMUGGLE YOU
ACROSS UNDER
A LOAD OF
MESQUITE!

MUCH OBLIGED, MANUEL,
HERE'S A TEN DOLLAR
BILL FOR YOU! ADIOS,
AMISO!

AFTER MUCH
NEEDED MEDICAL
ATTENTION, I
MADE ALL
HASTE TO
IOWA AND THE
LITTLE ONE
HORSE TOWN
I HAD
DESERTED
MONTHS
BEFORE!

*Ride the Sky Trails
of Adventure!
Daring and Mystery*

with

**Captain
AERO**

AMERICA'S MASTER PILOT

THRILL TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF
THE OTHER AMAZING CHARACTERS IN
THIS ALL STAR COMIC MAGAZINE!!

IT'S A
WINNER!

**CAPTAIN
AERO**

Comics

10

AT ALL
NEWS STANDS